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EDMUND YATES.

THE latest of the English literary men who have come out on lecturing tours through the United States is Mr. EDMUND HODGSON YATES, who arrived in this city September 11th, a passenger on the steamship Cuba. Though his years are more than forty, and his literary productions are almost as numerous as his years, Mr. Yates is, as yet, more widely celebrated on the other than on this side of the Atlantic Ocean. He is a son of the well-known actor who was some time lessee of the Adelphi, in London. He was born in July, 1831. For many years he was chief of the Missing-Letter Department in the English General Post-Office, and it was not until May of the current year that he relinquished his connection with the post-office, in order to devote himself exclusively to his avocation as a writer for the press. He wrote "My Haunts and their

Harness, a Story," published in 1864; "Business of Pleasure," "Pages in Waiting," and

Last, a Novel," published in 1866. Besides these works, written by himself exclusively,

he wrote, in conjunction with the late Mr. F. E. Smedley, "Mirth and Metre, by Two Merry Men," published in 1854; and, in conjunction with the late E. R. Brough, edited *Our Miscellany*, which appeared in 1857-'58. He prepared a condensed edition of the *Life and Correspondence of C. Matthews*, the elder, published in 1860, and a memoir of "Albert Smith and Mont Blanc." He has written some dramas, and was theatrical critic of the *London Daily News* for six years. For some years he has edited the *Temple Bar* magazine, in which his novel "Broken to Harness" appeared as a serial in 1864-'65. He has been a constant contributor to *All the Year Round*; and in this periodical his story "Black Sheep" was the leading serial in 1866-'67. He was



EDMUND HODGSON YATES.

Frequenters," published in 1854; "After Of- | "Running the Gauntlet, a Novel," published | the author of a *feuilleton* which appeared in the
see Hours," published in 1861; "Broken to | in 1865; "Kissing the Rod," and "Land at | *Morning Star* every Monday, for some time,

under the title of "Flâneur." This was discontinued in the fall of 1867. His most recent novels bear the titles of "Wrecked in Port" (1869), "Dr. Wainwright's Patent" (1871), "Nobody's Fortune" (1871), and "A Waiting Race" (now fresh from the press). Another of his novels, called "The Yellow Flag," is appearing in *All the Year Round*. "A Waiting Race," the latest of his publications, is a novel of English and Continental life, in which we have a series of well-drawn characters, and some insights into life scarcely calculated to elevate our ideas of men and women. But Mr. Yates, like the great Thackeray, depicts life as he sees it, not as he would imagine it; and hence, if some of his characters are more noted for force and individuality than for amiability or good morals, the plea that he is reflecting Nature, and not making poetical ideals, must be held tenable in his case as in that of others. Mr. Yates is of a fine physical organization, and his clear, powerful voice renders him excellent service in the lecture-room. His lecturing tour will embrace nearly all the principal cities of the Union, his engagements already being sufficient to occupy the greater part of the winter.

THE MAN WITH THE NOSE.

BY RHODA BROUGHTON, AUTHOR OF "GOOD-BYE, SWEETHEART!" ETC.

CHAPTER I.

"LET us get a map and see what places look pleasantest," says she.

"As for that," reply I, "on a map, most places look equally pleasant."

"Never mind; get one."

I obey.

"Do you like the sea-side?" asks Elizabeth, lifting her little brown head and her small, happy, white face from the English sea-coast, along which her forefinger is slowly travelling.

"Since you ask me, distinctly no," reply I, for once venturing to have a decided opinion of my own, which, during the last few weeks of imbecility, I can be hardly said to have had. "I broke my last wooden spade five-and-twenty years ago. I have but a poor opinion of cockles—sandy, red-nosed things, are not they? and the air always makes me bilious."

"Then we certainly will not go there," says Elizabeth, laughing. "A bilious bridegroom! alliterative but horrible! None of our friends show the least eagerness to lend us their country-house."

"Oh, that God would put it into the hearts of men to take their wives straight home, as their fathers did!" say I, with a cross groan.

"It is evident, therefore, that we must go somewhere," returns she, not heeding the aspiration contained in my last speech, making her forefinger resume its employment, and reaching Torquay.

"I suppose so," say I, with a sort of sigh; "for once in our lives we must resign ourselves to having the finger of derision pointed at us by waiters and landlords."

"You shall leave your new portmanteau at home, and I will leave all my best clothes, and nobody will guess that we are bride and bridegroom; they will think that we have been married—oh, ever since the world began" (opening her eyes very wide).

I shake my head.

"With an old portmanteau and in rags, we shall still have the mark of the Beast upon us."

"Do you mind much? do you hate being ridiculous?" asks Elizabeth, meekly, rather depressed by my view of the case; "because, if so, let us go somewhere out of the way, where there will be very few people to laugh at us."

"On the contrary," return I, stoutly, "we will betake ourselves to some spot where such as we do chiefly congregate—where we shall be swallowed up and lost in the multitude of our fellow-sinners." A pause devoted to reflection. "What do you say to Killarney?" say I, cheerfully.

"There are a great many fleas there, I believe," replies Elizabeth, slowly; "flea-bites make large lumps on me; you would not like me if I were covered with large lumps."

At the hideous ideal picture thus presented to me by my little beloved I relapse into inarticulate idiocy; emerging from which by-and-by, I suggest "the Lakes."

My arm is round her, and I feel her supple body shiver, though it is mid-July, and the bees are booming about in the still and sleepy noon-garden outside.

"Oh, no—no—not there!"

"Why such emphasis?" I ask, gayly;

"more fleas? At this rate, and with this *sine qua non*, our choice will grow limited."

"Something dreadful happened to me there," she says, with another shudder. "But, indeed, I did not think there was any harm in it—I never thought any thing would come of it."

"What the devil was it?" cry I, in a jealous heat and hurry; "what the mischief did you do, and why have not you told me about it before?"

"I did not do much," she answers, meekly, seeking for my hand, and, when found, kissing it in timid deprecation of my wrath; "but I was ill—very ill—there; I had a nervous fever. I was in a bed hung with a chintz, with a red-and-green fern-leaf pattern on it. I have always hated red-and-green fern-leaf chintzes ever since."

"It would be possible to avoid the obnoxious bed, would not it?" say I, laughing a little. "Where does it lie? Windermere? Ulleswater? Waatwater? Where?"

"We were at Ulleswater," she says, speaking rapidly, while a hot color grows on her small white cheeks—"papa, mamma, and I; and there came a mesmerizer to Penrith, and we went to see him—everybody did—and he asked leave to mesmerize me; he said I should be such a good medium, and—and—I did not know what it was like. I thought it would be quite good fun, and—and—I let him."

She is trembling exceedingly; even the loving pressure of my arms cannot abate her shivering.

"Well?"

"And after that I do not remember any thing; I believe I did all sorts of extraordinary things that he told me—sung and danced, and made a fool of myself—but when I came home I was very ill, very—I lay in bed for five whole weeks, and—and was off my head, and said odd and wicked things that you would not have expected me to say—that dreadful bad! shall I ever forget it?"

"We will not go to the Lakes," I say, decisively, "and we will not talk any more about mesmerism."

"That is right," she says, with a sigh of relief; "I try to think about it as little as possible; but sometimes, in the dead black of the night, it comes back to me so strongly—I feel, do not you know, as if he were there—somewhere in the room, and I must get up and follow him."

"Why should not we go abroad?" suggest I, abruptly turning the conversation.

"Why, indeed?" cries Elizabeth, recovering her gaiety, while her pretty blue eyes begin to dance. "How stupid of us not to have thought of it before!—only abroad is a big word. What abroad?"

"We must be content with something short of Central Africa," I say, gravely, "as I think our one hundred and fifty pounds would hardly take us that far."

"Wherever we go, we must buy a dialogue-book," suggests my little bride-elect, "and I will learn some phrases before we start."

"As for that, the Anglo-Saxon tongue takes one pretty well round the world," reply I, with a feeling of complacent British swagger, putting my hands in my breeches-pockets.

"Do you fancy the Rhine?" says Elizabeth, with a rather timid suggestion; "I know it is the fashion to run it down nowadays, and call it a cocktail river; but—but after all it cannot be so very contemptible, or Byron could not have said such noble things about it."

"The castled crag of Drachenfels
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
Whose breast of waters broadly swells
Between the banks which bear the vine,"
say I, spouting. "After all, that proves nothing, for Byron could have made a silk purse out of a sow's ear."

"The Rhine will not do, then?" says she, resignedly, suppressing a sigh.

"On the contrary, it will do admirably; it is a cocktail river, and I do not care who says it is not," reply I, with illiberal positiveness; "but everybody should be able to say so from his own experience, and not from hearsay; the Rhine let it be, by all means."

So the Rhine it is.

CHAPTER II.

I HAVE got over it; we have both got over it tolerably, creditably; but, after all, it is a much severer ordeal for a man than a woman, who, with a bouquet to occupy her hands, and a veil to gently shroud her features, need merely be prettily passive. I am alluding, I need hardly say, to the religious ceremony of marriage, which I flatter myself I have gone through with a stiff sheepishness not unwor-

thy of my country. It is a three-days-old event now, and we are getting used to belonging to one another, though Elizabeth still takes off her ring twenty times a day to admire its bright thickness; still laughs when she hears herself called "Madame." Three days ago we kissed all our friends, and left them to make themselves ill on our cake, and criticise our bridal behavior, and now we are at Brussels, she and I, feeling oddly, joyfully free from any *chaperon*. We have been mildly sight-seeing—very mildly, most people would say, but we have resolved not to take our pleasure with the railway-speed of Americans, or the hasty sadness of our fellow-Britons. Slowly and gayly we have been taking ours. To-day we have been to visit Wiertz's pictures. Have you ever seen them, O reader? They are known to comparatively few people, but, if you have a taste for the unearthly terrible—if you wish to sup full of horrors, hasten thither. We have been peering through the appointed peep-hole at the horrible cholera-picture—the man buried alive by mistake, pushing up the lid of his coffin, and stretching a ghastly face and livid hands out of his winding-sheet toward you, while awful gray-blue coffins are piled around, and noisome toads and giant spiders crawl damply about. On first seeing it, I have reproached myself for bringing one of so nervous a temperament as Elizabeth to see so haunting and hideous a spectacle; but she is less impressed than I expected—less impressed than I myself am.

"He is very lucky to be able to get his lid up," she says, with a half-laugh; "we should find it hard work to burst our brass nails, should not we? When you bury me, dear, fasten me down very slightly, in case there may be some mistake."

And now all the long and quiet July evening we have been prowling together about the streets. Brussels is the town of towns for *flânering*—have been flattening our noses against the shop-windows, and making each other imaginary presents. Elizabeth has not confined herself to imagination, however; she has made me buy her a little bonnet with feathers—"in order to look married," as she says, and the result is such a delicious picture of a child playing at being grown up, having practised a theft on its mother's wardrobe, that for the last two hours I have been in a foolish ecstasy of love and laughter over her and it. We are at the "Bellevue," and have a fine suite of rooms, *au premier*, evidently specially devoted to the English, to the gratification of whose well-known loyalty the Prince and Princess of Wales are simpering from the walls. Is there any one in the three kingdoms who knows his own face as well as he knows the faces of Albert Victor and Alexandra? The long evening has at last slid into night—night far advanced—night melting into earliest day. All Brussels is asleep. One moment ago I also was asleep, soundly as any log. What is it that has made me take this sudden headlong plunge out of sleep into wakefulness? Who is it that is clutching at and calling upon me? What is it that is making me struggle mistily up into a sitting posture, and try to revive my sleep-numbed senses?

A summer night is never wholly dark; by the half-light that steals through the closed *persiennes* and open windows I see my wife standing beside my bed; the extremity of terror on her face, and her fingers digging themselves, with painful tenacity, into my arm.

"Tighter, tighter!" she is crying, wildly. "What are you thinking of? You are letting me go!"

"Good Heavens!" say I, rubbing my eyes, while my muddy brain grows a trifle clearer. "What is it? What has happened? Have you had a nightmare?"

"You saw him," she says, with a sort of sobbing breathlessness; "you know you did! You saw him as well as I."

"I!" cry I, incredulously—"not I. Till this second I have been fast asleep. I saw nothing."

"You did!" she cries, passionately. "You know you did. Why do you deny it? You were as frightened as I?"

"As I live," I answer, solemnly, "I know no more than the dead what you are talking about; till you woke me by calling me and catching hold of me, I was as sound asleep as the seven sleepers."

"Is it possible that it can have been a dream?" she says, with a long sigh, for a moment loosing my arm, and covering her face with her hands. "But no—in a dream I should have been somewhere else, but I was here—*here*—on that bed, and he stood *there* (pointing with her forefinger)—just *there*, between the foot of it and the window!"

She stops, panting.

"It is all that brute Wiertz," say I, in a fury. "I wish I had been buried alive myself, before I had been fool enough to take you to see his beastly daubs."

"Light a candle," she says, in the same breathless way, her teeth chattering with fright. "Let us make sure that he is not hidden somewhere in the room."

"How could he be?" say I, striking a match; "the door is locked."

"He might have got in by the balcony," she answers, still trembling violently.

"He would have had to have cut a very large hole in the *persiennes*," say I, half-mockingly. "See, they are intact and well fastened on the inside."

She sinks into an arm-chair, and pushes her loose, soft hair from her white face.

"It was a dream, then, I suppose?"

She is silent for a moment or two, while I bring her a glass of water, and throw a dressing-gown round her cold and shrinking form.

"Now tell me, my little one," say I, coaxingly, sitting down at her feet, "what it was—what you thought you saw?"

"*Thought I saw!*" echoes she, with indignant emphasis, sitting upright, while her eyes sparkle feverishly. "I am as certain that I saw him standing there as I am that I see that candle burning—that I see this chair—that I see you."

"*Him!* but who is *him*?"

She falls forward on my neck, and buries her face in my shoulder.

"That—dreadful—man!" she says, while her whole body is one tremor.

"What dreadful man?" cry I, impatiently.

She is silent.

"Who was he?"

"I do not know."

"Did you ever see him before?"

"Oh, no—no, never! I hope to God I may never see him again!"

"What was he like?"

"Come closer to me," she says, laying hold of my hand with her small and chilly fingers; "stay *quite* near me, and I will tell you" (after a pause)—"he had a *nose*!"

"My dear soul," cry I, bursting out with a loud laugh in the silence of the night, "do not most people have noses? Would not he have been much more dreadful if he had had *none*?"

"But it was *such* a nose!" she says, with perfect trembling gravity.

"A bottle-nose?" suggest I, still cackling.

"For Heaven's sake, don't laugh!" she says, nervously; "if you had seen his face, you would have been as little disposed to laugh as I."

"But his nose?" return I, suppressing my merriment; "what kind of nose was it? See, I am as grave as a judge."

"It was very prominent," she answers, in a sort of awe-struck half-whisper, "and very sharply chiselled; the nostrils very much cut out." A little pause. "His eyebrows were one straight black line across his face, and under them his eyes burnt like dull coals of fire, that shone and yet did not shine; they looked like dead eyes, sunken, half-extinguished, and yet sinister."

"And what did he do?" ask I, impressed, despite myself, by her passionate earnestness; "when did you first see him?"

"I was asleep," she said—"at least I thought so—and suddenly I opened my eyes, and he was *there—there*"—pointing again with trembling finger—"between the window and the bed."

"What was he doing? Was he walking about?"

"He was standing as still as stone—I never saw any live thing so still—*looking* at me; he never called or beckoned, or moved a finger, but his eyes *commanded* me to come to him, as the eyes of the mesmerizer at Penrith did." She stops, breathing heavily. I can hear her heart's loud and rapid beats.

"And you?" I say, pressing her more closely to my side, and smoothing her troubled hair.

"I *hated* it," she cries, excitedly; "I loathed it—abhorred it. I was ice-cold with fear and horror, but—I *felt* myself going to him."

"Yes?"

"And then I shrieked out to you, and you came running, and caught fast hold of me, and held me tight at first—quite tight—but presently I felt your hold slacken—slacken—and, though I *longed* to stay with you, though I was *mad* with fright, yet I felt myself pulling strongly away from you—going to him; and he—*he* stood there always looking—looking—and then I gave one last loud shriek, and I suppose I woke—and it was a dream!"

"I never heard of a clearer case of nightmare," say I, stoutly; "that vile Wiertz! I should like to see his whole *Musée* burnt by the hands of the hangman to-morrow."

She shakes her head. "It had nothing to do with Wiertz; what it meant I do not know, but—"

"It meant nothing," I answer, reassuringly, "except that for the future we will go and see none but good and pleasant sights, and steer clear of charnel-house fancies."

CHAPTER III.

ELIZABETH is now in a position to decide whether the Rhine is a cocktail river or no, for she is on it, and so am I. We are sitting, with an awning over our heads, and little wooden stools under our feet. Elizabeth has a small sailor's hat and blue ribbon on her head. The river-breeze has blown it rather away; has tangled her pteuseux hair; has made a faint pink stain on her pale cheeks. It is some *fête*-day, and the boat is crowded. Tables, countless camp-stools, volumes of black smoke pouring from the funnel, as we steam along. "Nothing to the Caledonian Canal!" cries a burly Scotchman in leggings, speaking with loud authority, and surveying, with an air of contempt, the eternal vine-clad slopes, that sound so well, and look so *sticky* in reality. "Cannot hold a candle to it!" A rival bride and bridegroom opposite, sitting together like love-birds under an umbrella, looking into each other's eyes instead of at the Rhine scenery.

"They might as well have stayed at home, might not they?" says my wife, with a little air of superiority. "Come, we are not so bad as that, are we?"

A storm comes on: hailstones beat slantwise and reach us—stone and sting us right under our awning. Everybody rushes down below, and takes the opportunity to feed ravenously. There are few actions more disgusting than eating can be made. A handsome girl close to us—her immaturity evidenced by the two long tails of black hair down her back—is thrusting her knife half-way down her throat.

"Come on deck again," says Elizabeth, disgusted and frightened at this last sight. "The hail was much better than this!"

So we return to our camp-stools, and sit alone under one mackintosh in the lashing storm, with happy hearts and empty stomachs.

"Is not this better than any luncheon?" asks Elizabeth, triumphantly, while the rain-drops hang on her long and curled lashes.

"Infinitely better," reply I, madly struggling with the umbrella to prevent its being blown inside out, and gallantly ignoring a species of gnawing sensation at my entrails.

The squall clears off by-and-by, and we go steaming, steaming on past the unnumbered little villages by the water's edge with church-spires and pointed roof; past the countless rocks, with their little pert castles perched on the top of them; past the tall, stiff poplar rows. The church-bells are ringing gayly as we go by. A nightingale is singing from a wood. The black eagle of Prussia droops on the stream behind us,

swish-swish through the dull-green water. A fat woman, who is interested in it, leans over the back of the boat, and, by some happy effect of crinoline, displays to her fellow-passengers two yards of thick, white cotton legs. She is, fortunately for herself, unconscious of her generosity.

The day steals on; at every stopping-place more people come on. There is hardly elbow-room; and, what is worse, almost every lady is drunk. Rocks, castles, villages, poplars, slide by, while the paddles churn always the water, and the evening draws grayly on. At Bingen, a party of big blue Prussian soldiers, very drunk, "glorious" as Tam o' Shanter, come and establish themselves close to us. They call for lager-beer; talk at the tip-top of their strong voices; two of them begin to spar; all seem inclined to sing. Elizabeth is frightened. We are two hours late in arriving at Biebrich. It is half an hour more before we can get ourselves and our luggage into a carriage and set off along the winding road to Wiesbaden. "The night is chilly, but not dark." There is only a little shabby bit of a moon, but it shines as hard as it can. Elizabeth is quite worn out, her tired head droops in uneasy sleep on my shoulder. Once she wakes up with a start.

"Are you sure that it meant nothing?" she asks, looking me eagerly in my face; "do people often have such dreams?"

"Often, often," I answer, reassuringly.

"I am always afraid of falling asleep now," she says, trying to sit upright and keep her heavy eyes open, "for fear of seeing him standing there again. Tell me, do you think I shall? Is there any chance, any probability of it?"

"None, none!"

We reach Wiesbaden at last, and drive up to the Hôtel des Quatre Saisons. By this time it is full midnight. Two or three men are standing about the door. Morris, the maid, has got out—so have I, and I am holding out my hand to Elizabeth, when I hear her give one piercing scream, and see her with ash-white face and starting eyes point with her forefinger—

"There he is!—there!—there!"

I look in the direction indicated, and just catch a glimpse of a tall figure, standing half in the shadow of the night, half in the gas-light from the hotel. I have not time for more than one cursory glance, as I am interrupted by a cry from the by-standers, and, turning quickly round, am just in time to catch my wife, who falls in utter insensibility into my arms. We carry her into a room on the ground-floor; it is small, noisy, and hot, but it is the nearest at hand. In about an hour she reopens her eyes. A strong shudder makes her quiver from head to foot.

"Where is he?" she says, in a terrified whisper, as her senses come slowly back. "He is somewhere about—somewhere near. I feel that he is!"

"My dearest child, there is no one here but Morris and me," I answer, soothingly. "Look you yourself. See."

I take one of the candles and light up each corner of the room in succession.

"You saw him!" she says, in trembling hurry, sitting up and clinching her hands to-

gether. "I know you did—I pointed him out to you—you cannot say that it was a dream *this* time."

"I saw two or three ordinary-looking men as we drove up," I answer, in a commonplace, matter-of-fact tone. "I did not notice any thing remarkable about any of them; you know the fact is, darling, that you have had nothing to eat all day, nothing but a biscuit, and you are over-wrought, and fancy things."

"Fancy!" echoes she, with strong irritation. "How you talk! Was I ever one to fancy things? I tell you that as sure as I sit here—as sure as you stand there—I saw him—*him*—the man I saw in my dream, if it was a dream. There was not a hair's-breadth of difference between them—and he was looking at me—looking—"

She breaks off into hysterical sobbing.

"My dear child!" say I, thoroughly alarmed, and yet half angry, "for God's sake do not work yourself up into a fever; wait till to-morrow, and we will find out who he is, and all about him; you yourself will laugh when we discover that he is some harmless bagman."

"Why not now?" she says, nervously; "why cannot you find out now—*this* minute?"

"Impossible! Everybody is in bed! Wait till to-morrow, and all will be cleared up."

The morrow comes, and I go about the hotel, inquiring. The house is so full, and the data I have to go upon are so small, that for some time I have great difficulty in making it understood to whom I am alluding. At length one waiter seems to comprehend.

"A tall and dark gentleman, with a pronounced and very peculiar nose? Yes; there has been such a one, certainly, in the hotel, but he left at 'grand matin' this morning; he remained only one night."

"And his name?"

The garçon shakes his head. "That is unknown, monsieur; he did not inscribe it in the visitor's book."

"What countryman was he?"

Another shake of the head. "He spoke German, but it was with a foreign accent."

"Whither did he go?"

"That also is unknown. Nor can I arrive at any more facts about him."

CHAPTER IV.

A FORTNIGHT has passed; we have been hither and thither; now we are at Lucerne. Peopled with better inhabitants, Lucerne might well do for heaven. It is drawing toward eventide, and Elizabeth and I are sitting, hand-in-hand, on a quiet bench, under the shady linden-trees, on a high hill up above the lake. There is nobody to see us, so we sit peaceably hand-in-hand. Up by the still and solemn monastery we came, with its small and narrow windows, calculated to hinder the holy fathers from promenading curious eyes on the world, the flesh, and the devil, tripping past them in blue-gauze veils. Below us grass and green trees, houses with high-pitched roofs, little dormer-windows, and shutters yet greener than the grass; below us the lake in its rippleless peace, calm, quiet,

motionless as Bethesda's pool before the coming of the troubling angel.

"I said it was too good to last," say I, doggedly, "did not I, only yesterday? Perfect peace, perfect sympathy, perfect freedom from nagging worries—when did such a state of things last more than two days?"

Elizabeth's eyes are idly fixed on a little steamer, with a stripe of red along its side and a tiny puff of smoke from its funnel, gliding along and cutting a narrow, white track on Lucerne's sleepy surface.

"This is the fifth false alarm of the gout having gone to his stomach within the last two years," continue I, resentfully. "I declare to Heaven that, if it has not really gone there this time, I'll cut the whole concern."

Let no one cast up his eyes in horror, imagining that it is my father to whom I am thus alluding; it is only a great-uncle by marriage, in consideration of whose wealth and vague promises I have dawdled professionless through twenty-eight years of my life.

"You must not go," says Elizabeth, giving my hand an imploring squeeze. "The man in the Bible said, 'I have married a wife, and therefore I cannot come;' why should it be a less valid excuse nowadays?"

"If I recollect rightly, it was considered rather a poor one even then," reply I, dryly.

Elizabeth is unable to contradict this, she therefore only lifts two pouted lips (Monsieur Taine objects to the redness of Englishwomen's mouths, but I do not) to be kissed, and says, "Stay." I am good enough to comply with her unspoken request, though I remain firm with regard to her spoken one.

"My dearest child," I say, with an air of worldly experience and superior wisdom, "kisses are very good things—in fact, there are few better—but one cannot live upon them."

"Let us try," she says, coaxingly.

"I wonder which would get tired first?" I say, laughing. But she only goes on pleading, "Stay, stay."

"How can I stay?" I cry impatiently; "you talk as if I wanted to go! Do you think it is any pleasanter to me to leave you than to you to be left? But you know his disposition, his rancorous resentment of fancied neglects. For the sake of two days' indulgence, must I throw away what will keep us in ease and plenty to the end of our days?"

"I do not care for plenty," she says, with a little petulant gesture. "I do not see that rich people are any happier than poor ones. Look at the St. Claire; they have forty thousand pounds a year, and she is a miserable woman, perfectly miserable, because her face gets red after dinner."

"There will be no fear of our faces getting red after dinner," say I, grimly; "for we shall have no dinner for them to get red after."

A pause. My eyes stray away to the mountains. Pilatus on the right, with his jagged peak and slender snow-chains about his harsh neck; hill after hill rising silent, eternal, like guardian spirits standing hand-in-hand around their child, the lake. As I look, suddenly they have all flushed, as at some noblest thought, and over all their sul-

len faces streams an ineffable, rosy joy—a solemn and wonderful effulgence, such as Israel saw reflected from the features of the Eternal in their prophet's transfigured eyes. The unutterable peace and stainless beauty of earth and sky seem to lie softly on my soul. "Would God I could stay! Would God all life could be like this!" I say devoutly, and the aspiration has the reverent earnestness of a prayer.

"Why do you say, 'Would God?'" she cries, passionately, "when it lies with yourself. Oh, my dear love" (gently sliding her hand through my arm, and lifting wetly-be-seeching eyes to my face), "I do not know why I insist upon it so much—I cannot tell you myself—I dare say I seem selfish and unreasonable—but I feel as if your going now would be the end of all things—as if—" She breaks off suddenly.

"My child," say I, thoroughly distressed, but still determined to have my own way, "you talk as if I were going forever and a day; in a week, at the outside, I shall be back, and then you will thank me for the very thing for which you now think me so hard and disobliging."

"Shall I?" she answers, mournfully. "Well, I hope so."

"You will not be alone, either; you will have Morris."

"Yes."

"And every day you will write me a long letter, telling me every single thing that you do, say, and think?"

"Yes."

She answers me gently and obediently; but I can see that she is still utterly unreconciled to the idea of my absence.

"What is it that you are afraid of?" I ask, becoming rather irritated. "What do you suppose will happen to you?"

She does not answer; only a large tear falls on my hand, which she hastily wipes away with her pocket-handkerchief, as if afraid of exciting my wrath.

"Can you give me any good reason why I should stay?" I ask, dictatorially.

"None—none—only—stay—stay!"

But I am resolved not to stay. Early the next morning I set off.

CHAPTER V.

This time it is not a false alarm; this time it really has gone to his stomach, and, declining to be dislodged thence, kills him. My return is therefore retarded until after the funeral and the reading of the will. The latter is so satisfactory, and my time is so fully occupied with a multiplicity of attendant business, that I have no leisure to regret the delay. I write to Elizabeth, but receive no letters from her. This surprises and makes me rather angry, but does not alarm me. "If she had been ill, if any thing had happened, Morris would have written. She never was great at writing, poor little soul. What dear little babyish notes she used to send me during our engagement! Perhaps she wishes to punish me for my disobedience to her wishes. Well, now she will see who was right." I am drawing near her now; I am walking up from the railway-station at Lucerne. I am very

joyful as I march along under an umbrella, in the grand, broad shining of the summer afternoon. I think with pensive passion of the last glimpse I had of my beloved—her small and wistful face looking out from among the thick, fair fleece of her long hair—winking away her tears and blowing kisses to me. It is a new sensation to me to have any one looking tearfully wistful over my departure. I draw near the great, glaring Schweizerhof, with its colonnaded, tourist-crowded porch; here are all the pomegranates as I left them, in their green tubs, with their scarlet blossoms, and the dusty oleanders in a row. I look up at our windows; nobody is looking out from them; they are open, and the curtains are alternately swelled out and drawn in by the softly-playful wind. I run quickly upstairs and burst noisily into the sitting-room. Empty, perfectly empty! I open the adjoining door into the bedroom, crying, "Elizabeth! Elizabeth!" but I receive no answer. Empty too. A feeling of indignation creeps over me as I think, "Knowing the time of my return, she might have managed to be in-doors." I have returned to the silent sitting-room, where the only noise is the wind still playing hide-and-seek with the curtains. As I look vacantly round, my eye catches sight of a letter lying on the table. I pick it up mechanically and look at the address. Good Heavens! what can this mean? It is my own, that I sent her two days ago, unopened, with the seal unbroken. Does she carry her resentment so far as not even to open my letters? I spring at the bell and violently ring it. It is answered by the waiter who has always specially attended us.

"Is madame gone out?"

The man opens his mouth and stares at me.

"Madame! Is monsieur then not aware that madame is no longer at the hotel?"

"What?"

"On the same day as monsieur, madame departed."

"Departed! Good God! what are you talking about?"

"A few hours after monsieur's departure—I will not be positive as to the exact time, but it must have been between one and two o'clock, as the mid-day *table d'hôte* was in progress—a gentleman came and asked for madame—"

"Yes—be quick."

"I demanded whether I should take up his card, but he said 'No,' that was unnecessary, as he was perfectly well known to madame; and, in fact, a short time afterward, without saying any thing to any one, she departed with him."

"And did not return in the evening?"

"No, monsieur; madame has not returned since that day."

I clinch my hands in an agony of rage and grief. "So this is it! With that pure child-face, with that divine ignorance—only three weeks married—this is the trick she has played me!" I am recalled to myself by a compassionate suggestion from the *garçon*.

"Perhaps it was the brother of madame."

Elizabeth has no brother, but the remark brings back to me the necessity of self-command.

"Very probably," I answer, speaking with infinite difficulty. "What sort of looking gentleman was he?"

"He was a very tall and dark gentleman, with a most peculiar nose—not quite like any nose that I ever saw before—and most singular eyes. Never have I seen a gentleman who at all resembled him."

I sink into a chair, while a cold shudder creeps over me as I think of my poor child's dream—of her fainting-fit at Wiesbaden—of her unconquerable dread of and aversion from my departure. And this happened twelve days ago! I catch up my hat, and prepare to rush like a madman in pursuit.

"How did they go?" I ask, incoherently; "by train?—driving?—walking?"

"They went in a carriage."

"What direction did they take? Whither did they go?"

He shakes his head.

"It is not known."

"It *must* be known!" I cry, driven to frenzy by every second's delay. "Of course, the driver could tell. Where is he? where can I find him?"

"He did not belong to Lucerne, neither did the carriage; the gentleman brought them with him."

"But madame's maid," say I, a gleam of hope flashing across my mind—"did she go with her?"

"No, monsieur; she is still here. She was as much surprised as monsieur at madame's departure."

"Send her at once!" I cry, eagerly; but, when she comes, I find that she can throw no light on the matter. She weeps noisily, and says many irrelevant things; but I can obtain no information from her beyond the fact that she was unaware of her mistress's departure until long after it had taken place, when, surprised at not being rung for at the usual time, she had gone to her room and found it empty, and, on inquiring in the hotel, had heard of her sudden departure; that, expecting her to return at night, she had sat up waiting for her till two o'clock in the morning, but that, as I knew, she had not returned, neither had any thing since been heard of her.

Not all my inquiries, not all my cross-questionings of the whole staff of the hotel, of the visitors, of the railway-officials, of nearly all the inhabitants of Lucerne and its environs, procure me a jot more knowledge. On the next few weeks I look back as on a hellish and insane dream. I can neither eat nor sleep; I am unable to remain one moment quiet; my whole existence, my nights and tr / days, are spent in seeking, seeking. Every thing that human despair and frenzied love can do is done by me. I advertise, I communicate with the police, I employ detectives; but that fatal twelve days' start forever baffles me. Only on one occasion do I obtain one little of information. In a village a few miles from Lucerne, the peasants, on the day in question, saw a carriage driving rapidly through their little street. It was closed, but through the windows they could see the occupants—a dark gentleman, with the peculiar physiognomy which has been so often described, and on the opposite seat a lady, lying

apparently in a state of utter insensibility. But even this leads to nothing.

O reader! these things happened twenty years ago; since then, I have searched sea and land, but never have I seen my little Elizabeth again.

AN OPEN QUESTION.*

A NOVEL

BY JAMES DE MILLE, AUTHOR OF "THE LADY OF THE ICE," "THE AMERICAN BARON," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A STRANGE MEETING.

THE letter which Blake had written was delivered to Kane Hellmuth on the following day. It excited much surprise on the part of the latter, and for a twofold reason: first, because his friend's departure was so sudden; and, secondly, because the letter itself was so incoherent and unsatisfactory. The construction of the sentences was most confused and awkward; and it was impossible to find out where he had gone, and what he had gone for. Kane Hellmuth could not suspect so frank a nature as that of Blake of any thing like deceit; and, if the letter was ambiguous or unintelligible, he chose rather to attribute it to haste, or sleepiness, on the part of the writer. He had seen him on the previous day, and Blake had made no mention of any thing of the kind; nor did he seem to have any idea of going on a journey. He was certainly a little abstracted in his manner, for Kane Hellmuth's own cares had not altogether prevented him from noticing that; but this may have arisen from his anxiety about his mother, from whom, as he himself had said, he had not heard for some time. He could only understand this mysterious letter by supposing that some friend of Blake's had written to him, or come to him, and given him information of some sudden opening which he had to accept at once. Thinking, therefore, that Blake would either be back, or write more fully before long, he put the letter away, and waited in the expectation of hearing more.

Days passed, however, and weeks also, and even months, without any further communication. This surprised Kane Hellmuth, for he had expected different things; and, taken in connection with the incoherent letter, it gave him some anxiety. He also felt this another way, for he had conceived a strong regard for his friend, and liked to run in to see him, or have him drop in to his own apartments. The matter, therefore, took up a good share of his thoughts, and he could not help the suspicion that there was some evil involved in this sudden and mysterious flight. What it could be he did not know, for he was not aware of any circumstances which might inspire any one with evil designs against him; and so, in default of other things, his mind dwelt upon that strange intercourse which Blake had held with Mr. Wy-

verne, which was terminated by the wonderful declaration of the latter, and his death. Although he had heard Father Magrath's explanation of that affair, and fully believed it, yet still, in spite of this, he could not help connecting it in some way with Blake's present disappearance, and the thought occurred to him often and often that if, after all, it were true, Blake might have enemies; though who they could be, and what motive for enmity they could possibly have, was utterly beyond his comprehension.

Thus the time passed, and as the months went by without any news from his friend, he began to fear the worst, though such was his ignorance of Blake's movements that he did not know what to do to search him out. The *concierge* of the house where Blake had stopped could tell him nothing except that on a certain morning he had gone in company with another person, and had left directions that his trunk should be taken care of. He did not know who the other person was, and the description which he gave of him afforded no intelligence to Kane Hellmuth. To the police it was, of course, useless to apply, for the meagre information which he could supply them with would not be enough to yield them any clew by which they might be guided to a search. His helplessness in this matter was therefore complete, and that very helplessness made the whole affair more painful to him.

Before this he had been the prey of one great and engrossing trouble, which arose from that mysterious and inexplicable apparition whose visitations he had described to Blake. Now this new trouble had taken up his thoughts more and more, until at length his own affair had come to occupy but a small portion of his attention. It was not forgotten by any means; it was only pushed over into a subordinate place, and ceased to be a supreme care. The possible evil impending over Blake seemed to him more formidable than any thing that could arise from his own experiences; and so it was that, in the mystery which had gathered around Blake, his own peculiar mystery had grown to be a matter of minor importance.

Such was the state of Kane Hellmuth's mind, when one day he was wandering through the streets on the way to his rooms. He was approaching the street up which he intended to turn, and was about six feet from the corner, when suddenly at the opposite corner he caught sight of a figure which at once drove from his mind all thoughts of Blake, and restored in its fullest intensity all those mysterious feelings which he had described in narrating his story of the apparition. It was a female figure. The face was thin, and pallid, and care-worn; the eyes were large and dark, and rested for a moment upon him. The very first glance showed him that this was the face of his "apparition" in very truth, and beyond a doubt; and so profound was the shock that, for a moment, as he stared back, he felt rooted to the spot.

But about this apparition there were certain peculiarities of an important kind. The face was precisely the same—the same pallor—the same deep, dark eyes—the same fixed, unfathomable gaze; yet in other things a

* EXTENDED, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1873, by D. APPLETON & Co., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

change was observable. The expression was no longer one of reproach; it was rather one of sudden terror—a terror like his own; the glance was not long and sustained—it was rather furtive and hasty. Moreover, though this apparition was dressed in black, it was not the costume of a nun; it was simple and sober, yet it was the fashion of the day; and this change from the weird and unfamiliar, to the commonplace and familiar, of itself went far to steady Kane Hellmuth's nerves, and prevent him from sinking into that lamentable weakness which had characterized his former meetings with this mysterious being.

He stopped there for a moment, rooted to the spot, with his brain in a whirl, and all his former feelings overwhelming him; but the emotion was more short-lived than before, since these changes in the form and fashion and expression of the figure were noticed at once, and went far to reassure him. The figure threw one hasty, furtive look at him, and then, sharply turning the opposite corner, walked quickly up the street.

In an instant Kane Hellmuth started in pursuit. It was an irresistible fascination that drew him on. He was resolved now to do what he could to fathom this mystery that so long had troubled him. Every step that he took seemed to bring back his presence of mind, and drive away those feelings of superstitious terror that had at first been thrown over his soul. Every step that he took seemed to show him that he was the stronger, and that the other was the weaker. Every thing was now on his side. Surrounding circumstances favored him. It was broad day. It was a public street, on which people were passing to and fro, and the ordinary every-day traffic was going on. There was no chance here for any of that jugglery which might deceive the senses; or any of those associations of night, and gloom, and solemnity, which on the last memorable meeting had baffled his search. Moreover, the face of the Figure was turned away. It was its back that he saw. The Figure moved rapidly on, yet not so rapidly but that he could keep up with it, or even overtake it. It seemed to him that he was the pursuer, and the Figure the pursued, and that now, if he followed vigorously, all might be at last revealed.

Kane Hellmuth thus followed from one corner to the next. Then the Figure crossed the street to the opposite corner. He followed. Then the Figure turned, and fixed its eyes again on Kane Hellmuth. It was the same glance as before, intensified. It was a sudden glance, and one, too, which showed signs of unmistakable fear. Yet the face was the same—it was the face of his apparition—the face that had haunted him for years—the face that was associated with the brightest and the darkest hours of all his life. The look of fear was something new, yet it seemed to heighten his own resolution and strengthen his own heart; for now it seemed as though the tables had been turned, and all the fear which once had been felt by him had passed over to the other.

The Figure now walked on faster. Evidently it was trying to fly from him. He himself increased his pace. Easy enough was it for him to keep up even with this utmost

exertion of the other. In a race like this he was the superior. He saw it; he felt it. There was nothing of the supernatural here. Could it indeed be? Was she, then, alive? But, if so, why did she fly? What did she mean? It was a living woman that was before his eyes, fearing him, flying from him, overcome with human terror.

The woman hurried on. Kane Hellmuth hurried after. Suddenly she hailed a passing cab. The cab drew up at the sidewalk. The cabman got down to open the door. Already the woman's hand was on the door, and her foot was on the curb, when Kane Hellmuth reached the spot. He did not stand on ceremony. Too deep was his anxiety to learn the truth of this matter for him to observe any of the petty courtesies of life. He was not rude or rough; he was simply earnest, and in his desperate earnestness, and in his deep longing to know all, he laid his hand suddenly and sharply upon the woman's arm.

She turned hastily and stared at him, showing a face that was filled with an anguish of terror. Her lips moved, but no sound escaped them. Then, while Kane Hellmuth's hand still clutched her arm, a low moan escaped her, she reeled, and would have fallen if he had not caught her in his arms.

The cabman stood by observing this scene calmly. It was no business of his. He did not understand it, of course, but then it was often his fortune to be a witness of unintelligible scenes like this.

Meanwhile, the woman hung senseless on Kane Hellmuth's arms. For a moment he was puzzled what to do. Where was her residence? He did not know. Where should he take her? No apparition was this—this being of flesh and blood of whose weight he was sensible; but rather a living human being. But oh! who—and why had she sought him out?

He did not hesitate long. He lifted her into the cab, and then, getting in himself, he gave the cabman his own address. The cabman drove there at once, and, as it was not far away, they soon reached the place. Kane Hellmuth then took the woman in his arms, and carried her up to his own apartments. Then he sent up the women of the house, and waited the result.

The usual restoratives were applied, and the woman came out of her senselessness. She looked wildly around, and for some time was unable to comprehend her situation. Then a sudden look of terror came over her face, and she began to implore the women to let her go.

The women did not know what to say. Kane Hellmuth had hurriedly informed them that he had found her fainting in the street, and this they told her.

"Then I am not a prisoner here?" said the woman, eagerly.

"A prisoner!" exclaimed one of the attendants; "mon Dieu! no, madame. How is that possible? You may go when and where you please; only you must rest a few moments. It was a very kind gentleman who brought you here, and sent us up."

The woman gave a low sigh of relief, and sunk back again. She had been placed on

the sofa in Kane Hellmuth's room. She was young, and seemed to have suffered much. She was evidently a lady.

Suddenly she roused herself.

"Who brought me here?" she asked, abruptly.

"Monsieur Hellmuth," said the attendant, pronouncing the name as well as she could.

"Hailmeet," repeated the lady, thoughtfully.

"Would you like to see him—perhaps he can explain—that there is nothing to fear."

"I am not a prisoner, then?" said the lady, earnestly.

"Oh, no—a prisoner? Mon Dieu! impossible!"

"And you are not employed to detain me?"

"Mon Dieu! but mademoiselle is rav-ing—that is a thing altogether impossible. But you must see the good Monsieur Hellmuth."

With these words the woman who had spoken left the room, and informed Kane Hellmuth that the young lady had come to her senses; telling him also, what she had said. Her words excited surprise in Hellmuth's mind, but he was eager to know all, and so he at once entered the room. The woman followed him, and waited there, together with the other attendant.

Kane Hellmuth looked earnestly at the pale face before him, and the lady raised her large, dark, melancholy eyes to his face, and regarded him with equal earnestness, though in her look there was an anxious scrutiny and timid inquiry. But the face that she saw seemed to have no terror for her now, and the first look of fear gave place to one of mournful entreaty.

"Oh, sir," said she, in English, "you are an Englishman; you cannot be capable of injuring one who never harmed you! I have suffered enough, and why I do not know."

At this, Kane Hellmuth felt bewildered. This was, indeed, a strange address from her. He said nothing for a few moments, but regarded her with a solemn face, and a look in which there was nothing save tenderness and longing.

"You do not seem to know me," said he, at length, in a mournful tone.

"I do not," said the lady. "I never saw you before to-day."

"Are you not Clara Ruthven?" asked Kane Hellmuth, in a tremulous voice.

The lady shook her head.

"Is it all a mistake, then?" cried Kane Hellmuth, in a voice that was a wail of despair. "Are you not my Clara? Are you not Clara Mordaunt, who—"

He was interrupted by the lady. At the mention of the name of Clara Mordaunt she started from the sofa to her feet, and stared at him in amazement.

"Clara Mordaunt!" she exclaimed. "Clara Mordaunt! Who are you? What do you know about Clara Mordaunt? Clara Mordaunt!" she repeated, and again the frightened look came to her face. "Oh, sir, if you are in league with those who have so cruelly wronged me, have pity on me! Do not, oh, do not detain me! Let me go. My life is

wretched enough, and my only hope is to have my freedom till I die."

"Answer me this," said Kane Hellmuth, in a hoarse voice, which was tremulous still with deepest emotion. "I am no enemy; I have no evil designs; if you are a stranger, after all, you have nothing to fear from me; if you are in trouble, I swear I will do what I can to help you, but only answer me. If you are not Clara Ruthven, she who was born Clara Mordaunt, in Heaven's name who are you, and why have you appeared before me in so many places?"

"I have never appeared before you," said the lady. "I never saw you before. You ask after Clara Mordaunt. I am not Clara Mordaunt. Clara Mordaunt is dead. She died

appearing and disappearing like a phantom, reminding me of one who you say is dead?"

"Years!" said the lady. "I don't understand you. I have been in Paris only three months, though they seem like many, many years. But oh, sir! you look like one who would not willingly do a wrong. Your face cannot belie you. Will you tell me what you mean by asking after Clara Mordaunt?—what you mean by calling her Clara Ruthven, and tell me what she is to you?"

"To me? O Heavens!" said Kane Hellmuth, "she was so much to me that now it is better not to talk about it. But did you know her? Will you tell me how it is that you have such an extraordinary likeness to

brought up to believe that my name was Wyverne, and—"

But here Kane Hellmuth interrupted her.

"Wyverne!" he cried. "Wyverne! Inez Wyverne! Are you Inez Wyverne? Oh, Heavens! what is the meaning of all this?"

He stopped, overwhelmed by a rush of emotion consequent upon the mention of that name. He recalled the story of Blake, and Blake's love for this girl, who had thus so strangely come across his way. He recalled his conversation with Father Magrath. He had heard from him that Inez Wyverne had been left penniless, but how had she come here? Why did she take the name of Mor-



"He laid his hand suddenly and sharply upon the woman's arm."—Page 399.

ten years ago. Why do you ask me if I am Clara Mordaunt?"

"Dead!" repeated Kane Hellmuth, in a hollow voice. "Well, that is what every one says, but I swear I never saw in any human face such a resemblance to any other human face as there is in yours to the face of Clara Mordaunt! But what do you mean by saying that you never appeared to me before? Were you not at Père-la-Chaise Cemetery?"

"Never," said the lady. "I never saw you before."

"What! were not you the one that I saw at Notre-Dame, in the rail-cars, in the Boulevard where—"

"You are utterly mistaken," said the lady; "I never saw you before."

"Have you not been here all these years,

her? If you are not Clara Mordaunt, who are you?"

"My fright must have been a mistake," said the lady, looking at Kane Hellmuth with greater interest, "and I can only hope that it has been so. I will tell you who I am, for oh, sir, I think I may trust you. This Clara Mordaunt that you speak of was my own sister, and my name is Inez Mordaunt."

"Her sister! Inez Mordaunt!" cried Kane Hellmuth, in amazement. "Why, she said that her sister Inez was dead!"

The lady stared at him.

"Dead? Did she say that? Then she must have been deceived, like me, all her life. For I, too, lived a life that was all surrounded by deceit, and it was only an accident that revealed to me the truth. I was

daunt? How was it that she called herself the sister of Clara Mordaunt, his wife? Who was the other Miss Mordaunt whom he had gone to London to see? Was she, too, a sister of his lost Clara? That this Inez was her sister might be proved by her extraordinary resemblance, which had led him to identify her with the apparition; and yet it was impossible that she could be identical with that other mysterious one, for she had disclaimed it. What was the meaning of this?

Such were the thoughts of Kane Hellmuth as he stood there staring at this lady whom he had brought here, and who, whether Inez Wyverne or Inez Mordaunt, was equally inexplicable in that bewilderment of his thoughts.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE STORY OF INEZ.

THE presence of the attendants acted as a check upon Kane Hellmuth, and he was quick to perceive that this was neither the time nor the place for that full explanation which he wished to have. There was much to be said on both sides, and he longed to hear her story, both for his own sake, and also for the sake of his friend to whom this Inez was so dear. Such a thing would, however, have to be postponed until another occasion.

Instead, therefore, of pouring forth that volley of questions which his first impulse prompted him to do, he checked himself, and began to apologize for bringing her to his room, on the ground that it was an utter mistake, which would have to be explained elsewhere. He informed her that the cab was still waiting, and would take her to her lodgings whenever she wished it. Inez at once accepted the offer with evident gratitude; the fear that Kane Hellmuth had but recently inspired was all gone, and she seemed to regard him as one who might be a friend. With her fear much of her weakness had passed, and she was able to walk to the cab without assistance.

Kane Hellmuth accompanied her, and Inez seemed to acquiesce in his offer of companionship with evident satisfaction. As the cab drove off, nothing was said for a few minutes, when at length Kane Hellmuth burst forth abruptly with—

"All this is the most astonishing thing to me that can be imagined. When you mentioned the name of Wyverne just now, I at once recognized you as one of whom I had heard very much from an intimate friend of mine, who also, I think, is a friend of yours—Dr. Basil Blake."

"Dr. Basil Blake!" exclaimed Inez, eagerly. "Do you know him?"

She spoke eagerly and with agitation, and her whole manner showed that Blake was not without interest in her eyes.

"Basil Blake," said he, "is my intimate friend. On his return from Villeneuve, he informed me of what occurred there."

Inez looked at him earnestly.

"Are you his friend? Then, perhaps, he mentioned your name to me. He used to talk about his friend Kane Hellmuth."

"I am Kane Hellmuth."

At this, Inez looked at him more earnestly than ever, and her face was overspread with a sudden expression of inexpressible relief.

"Oh, how glad I am!" she said, simply and innocently. "Oh, I cannot tell you, Mr. Hellmuth, how very, very glad I am. Oh, how fortunate for me this meeting is! You cannot imagine what I have suffered. This very day I have been in the darkest despair. Oh, how glad, how glad I am!—And is Dr. Blake here too?"

"Well, no—not just now," said Kane Hellmuth, with some hesitation. "He left here a while ago for the south, on business."

"Oh, how glad I am!" said Inez again, speaking half to herself, and in a tone of such innocent and unforged joy that Kane Hellmuth felt touched to the heart; and it seemed to suggest to him long and severe suffering

on her part, out of which she now saw some means of escape by his assistance.

This assistance he hastened to promise her, and not long after they reached their destination. The lodgings of Inez were not very far from the place where he had first seen her, and were of a kind that seemed suitable to genteel poverty. The room into which he followed her seemed like a general parlor, and formed one of a suite on the second floor, hired, as she informed him, by the lady with whom she was lodging.

Situated as these two were with regard to one another, there was very much to be asked and to be answered on both sides; nor was it until several interviews that each became acquainted with the position of the other. The position of Inez was one of so painful a character, that she was eager to tell it all to Kane Hellmuth, so as to get his assistance; and he on his part was equally anxious to tell her his story, partly to explain his late conduct, and partly from the hope that she might give him some information about the mysterious apparition which had so troubled him. As far as that was concerned, however, Inez was not able to throw any light on it whatever, and indeed she knew less of that "Clara Mordaunt," whom she considered her sister, than Kane Hellmuth himself. There was no way in which Inez could account for the apparition. If it was ever explained, the explanation would have to be made in some way quite irrespective of her; and her story showed that she could not have been in Paris at all while those mysterious visitations were occurring.

Her own story, however, was one of such an extraordinary character, that it at once aroused his warmest sympathies, and occupied most of his thoughts. It was not all told at once, but in the course of various interviews; and, without reporting any conversation *verbatim*, it may be best to narrate that story now:

When Inez landed in France, she took the first train for Paris, and for some time had no other thought than to hurry on without delay, so as to see her father as soon as possible. At length she began to feel troubled about the meeting that was before her, and wondered how, in the confusion of a railway-station, she could recognize her father's messengers, or be recognized by them. Her anxiety to reach her father increased her anxiety in this respect, and at length she had to tell her troubles to her maid Saunders. She herself could not speak French very well, but Saunders could speak it as well as English, and no sooner had she learned the anxiety of her mistress, than she hastened to soothe her. She promised to speak to the guard, and did so to such good purpose that this functionary came in person to Inez, and with many gesticulations assured her that he himself would look out for her friends, and see that they should find her. Reassured by this, Inez got the better of her anxiety in this respect, and at length reached Paris.

As the train stopped, Inez felt a strange sense of desolation in her heart. She was weak, too, and weary, for she had travelled all night, and it was a raw, gray, dismal morning. She looked out into the station-

house, and saw the twinkling lights, and the crowd moving to and fro. The consciousness that she was in a foreign country, without a home, came to her with oppressive power; nor could even the thought of her father, with which she tried to console herself, enable her to overmaster this sense of loneliness. There was also a time of waiting which seemed unusually long. She had anticipated an earnest welcome, but she was allowed to wait without any, and thus at the very outset her heart sank, and she felt herself a prey to strange, dark fears and forebodings.

At length, Saunders directed her attention to an advancing figure. This one was preceded by the guard, and looked as though he might be the messenger sent to receive her. As he drew near, Inez could see his face quite plainly; for it was turned toward the cars, over which his eyes wandered as though in search of some one. The approach of this messenger might at another time have quelled her rising fears; but the aspect of this man had in it something which Inez did not find at all reassuring; and the face on which she expected to see an air of respectful, if not eager, welcome, had in it now nothing which was not repellent. It was a commonplace face—a coarse and vulgar face—not the face of a man who might be a friend of Bernal Mordaunt. It did not seem bad or vicious; it was simply coarse and commonplace. Nor was the man a servant or a footman, for he was dressed as a priest, and looked like one who might claim the right to associate with Bernal Mordaunt on equal terms. But, though his garb was clerical, there was nothing of the priest either in his face, or attitude, or manner; and the cloth had in this instance failed most completely to contribute its usual professional air to the wearer. Such, then, was the man who came here to receive Inez.

Saunders had already risen, and went outside to speak to the priest. Inez followed shortly after. The priest introduced himself as Père Gounod, and spoke a few words of conventional welcome. Inez was not sufficiently familiar with French to judge whether he was a man of education or not; but there was a certain clumsiness in his manner, and coarseness of intonation, which made her think that he could not be; yet how could she judge? Still, this was a thing of no moment, and her thoughts soon reverted to the one uppermost idea of her mind—her father; and all the deep anxiety which she felt was manifest in her voice as she asked after him.

The priest looked at her with a quick, furtive glance, and then looked away.

"He is very low," said he, slowly.

There was something in his face which frightened Inez. She would have asked more, but could not. She was afraid of hearing the worst. The priest said no more, but turned, and, with a silent gesture, led the way to the carriage. Inez followed. Saunders also followed. On reaching the carriage, Inez saw that it was a close cab. The priest held the door open. She got in, and was followed by Saunders. The priest then went to see about the luggage, and, after a short absence, returned. He then got on the box with the driver.

After about half an hour's drive, the cab stopped. On getting out, Inez found herself in front of a large and gloomy edifice. She followed the priest, who led the way in through a small door, and up a flight of steps, and along a gallery which looked out into a courtyard. He then opened a door which led into a room. It was meagrely furnished, the floor was tiled, and there was a depressing gloom about it which deepened the melancholy despondency that Inez had all along experienced.

The priest motioned toward a sofa, and asked Inez to sit down.

"But I wish to see papa," said she, anxiously.

"I will go and see," said the priest. "You must wait."

Saying this, he left the room. This strange proceeding seemed unaccountable to Inez, and only increased her fears. He was not long gone; but the time of his absence seemed long indeed to her. She did not sit down, but stood, where he had left her, motionless and terrified, and there he found her on his return.

"Will you not sit down?" he asked.

"But I want to see papa," said Inez.

"One moment," said the priest. "Sit down—I have something to say."

At this strange delay Inez grew more agitated than ever. The priest seated himself. She could not move. She stood thus, pale and trembling, and looked at him fixedly.

"I have something to say," repeated the priest, "and I am very sorry to have to say it."

He paused, and leaned his elbow on his knee, bending forward as he did so, with his eyes on the floor. Thus Inez no longer saw his face, but only the top of his head. Now, in moments of the deepest anxiety, and even anguish, it is strange how often the attention is attracted by even trivial circumstances. It was so with Inez at this time. Full of anguish, with her soul racked by suspense, a prey to the gloomiest forebodings, waiting with something like despair the communication of the priest, her eyes, as they rested upon him, noticed this one thing in the midst of all her agitation and her despair, and that was that this priest had no tonsure. His hair was a thick, bushy mass all over his head; and the characteristic mark of his sacred office was altogether wanting. She noticed this, and it was with an additional shock that she did so. Yet it was not till afterward that she learned to place any stress on this one fact, and see it in its full significance. At that time the shock passed away, and yielded to her uncontrollable anxiety about her father.

"Why don't you say what you have to say?" cried Inez at length. "I want to see papa."

The priest raised his head.

"I wish," said he, in a low voice, and speaking very slowly, "to break it as gently as possible."

Every one of these words was terrible to Inez. To such a saying as this, following after such strange actions, there could be but one meaning, and that one meaning must be the worst. Yet, so great was her terror at

hearing this, that she dared not ask another question. She stood as before, with her eyes fixed on him, while he kept his eyes averted.

"I did not tell you before," said the priest. "I wished to prepare you. I wished to do it gradually. I must prepare you for the worst—the very worst."

He paused.

Inez stared at him.

"He—is—dead!" she faltered, in a scarce audible voice.

The priest looked at her with a significant glance, and in silence.

"When?" asked Inez, speaking with a great effort, but in a faint voice.

"Three days ago," said the priest.

Inez gave a low moan, and staggered toward the sofa. Saunders sprang up and assisted her. She sank down upon it, and, burying her face in her hands, remained silent and motionless, yet an occasional shudder showed the suffering of her mind. Nor was this suffering without a cause. True, it was not like losing a father whose love she had always known; but still, ever since the discovery of the portraits, she had thought much of Bernal Mordaunt, and had conceived for him all a daughter's feelings. She had recalled many of the reminiscences of early childhood. Above all, his last letter to her had thrown around these feelings additional strength and tenderness. During her journey these feelings had increased, and all her life and all her hope seemed to refer to the meeting with him which she was seeking. Now, in an instant, all this tender love was blighted, and all this eager hope made forever vain. The blow was a severe one, and Inez wellnigh sank under it.

The priest looked at her with close observation, but with no particular sympathy. Thus far he had been somewhat embarrassed while subject to the searching gaze of Inez. Now, when that gaze was removed, and her head buried in her hands, he was able to speak with freedom.

"He died three days ago," said the priest, speaking somewhat less slowly than before, and in what may be described as a wary and vigilant manner; watching Inez all the while most attentively—"three days ago. He wrote a long letter—a very long letter—too long a letter, indeed—to you, asking you to come here. Well, after that he fainted. It was an hour before he revived. Then we knew—and he knew, too—that he was—dying! But there was nothing to be done, for he was beyond hope. . . . Well," continued the priest, after a pause, in which his eyes never removed themselves from Inez, who still remained with her head bowed down and buried in her hands—"well, then the poor man called for writing-materials again. We supplied him with them. We raised him upon his bed, so that he might be in a position to write. He took the pen, and at first could hardly hold it. But at length he made a great effort, and wrote about a page. That was all that he was able to do, and, in my opinion, it was just one page too much; but we had to indulge him, for he was so eager about it—and what can you do with a dying man? Well, that was too much. He fell back exhausted, and never spoke one word

more. In two hours all was over, and he had barely life and sense enough to receive the *viaticum*. That was three days ago. You received his letter, and waited till you could leave, and have spent this third day in travelling here. This brings you here at the close of the third day. It is a pity that you had not come before, for he loved you dearly. But still his last thoughts were of you, and his last words, too, for the letter that he wrote was for you."

At this Inez started up.

"For me!" she exclaimed. "Is there—did he leave any message for me?"

"The letter that I have been telling you about was for you."

"Have you got it?" cried Inez, eagerly.

"It is here—for you—if you wish to see it," said the priest.

"Oh, let me have it—let me see it!" said Inez, in a tone of mournful entreaty.

"You shall see it, of course," said the priest. "It is for you, and it is waiting for you. It is a pity that you have not come in time for something better than a letter. The poor Abbé Mordaunt would have been greatly cheered. We urged him to send for you before, but he was full of hope that he would recover and be able to go to you. He was unwilling to put you to the trouble of a journey. He never knew how ill he was till the last, and then it was too late. He came home from his mission with broken health. He allowed himself no rest. An affair at Villeneuve agitated him greatly, and preyed on his mind. It was something that occurred there, and other things that he heard of after his arrival here. He sank quite rapidly, poor man! And all the time he persisted in the hope that he would recover. At last the doctor told him the truth, and then he wrote for you. But it was too late. The effort of writing hastened the end, and so, as I said, he did not live out that day. Still he left his last instructions for you, and I have kept that letter to be given into your own hands. And here it is. I took it from his own hands, and put it in this envelop, and wrote your name on it."

Saying this, the priest drew forth a letter from his pocket and handed it to Inez. She took it with a quick, nervous, eager grasp. The envelop bore the address in a strange hand, simply—

"Inez Mordaunt."

This the priest had explained. But this she did not notice. All her thoughts were turned to the letter itself—the last words of her father, now lost forever—her father, found so strangely, lost so suddenly. With a trembling hand she tore open the envelop, and the last words of that father lay before her eyes.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

COLOGNE-WATER.

AMONG the countless objects belonging to the toilet-table of the polite world, Cologne-water, compounded out of the spiciest, most volatile, aromatic substances which the plant-world generates, takes the foremost rank. While all other odors, owing to the sickliness of the beautiful sex, sigh under the

same fate, Cologne-water alone knows how to preserve the favor of the women, with a steadiness which might well awaken the envy of a disdained lover. Wherein lies the secret of this phenomenon? Solely and alone in the fulness of good properties which it unites in itself, as in a focus, so that one may boldly assert that Cologne-water is among perfumes what the diamond is among precious stones. It takes to itself the manifold fragrances which the flower-cups conceal in their bosoms, giving to none the preference, uniting all in a bouquet, whose combination, extracting perhaps the injurious of each isolated plant, refreshes and quickens the animal spirits in a light, rapid, and fairy-like manner; for hardly has one experienced its fragrance, than every trace of its existence has flown. This swift evaporation, without leaving a distinct perfume behind, is the characteristic mark of genuine Cologne-water; while, with the spurious kinds, this or that ingredient of the combination so predominates that its atoms are for a time perceptible. Of the really genuine water, there is only one single kind sold, while the imitated manufactures are sold under various labels.

But the great favor in which Cologne-water is held cannot be accounted for solely by its inimitability. It possesses, also, solid properties, valued by every one. It fulfils, as well as its gallant mission on the toilet-table, its humane one at the sick-bed. If any one pours the precious fluid in seething water, it purifies the surrounding atmosphere of hurtful admixtures, without the lungs being poisoned by destructive gases, as is the case with other expedients. Besides the evaporation in seething water, a very practical contrivance has lately been brought into use, consisting of a little flask, out of whose neck, by means of a gutta-percha pipe, filled with air, and a little glass tube, the aromatic fluid is pumped out, and diffuses itself like a fine shower of dust, making the atmosphere spicy and favorable for the breathing-organs—a little machine that cannot be too highly recommended for a sick-room.

The archives of the city of Cologne give first, in the year 1709, reliable intelligence about the family name with which the fame of the Cologne-water seems inseparably connected. In this year lived in Cologne the Italian (adopted as a citizen) Johann Maria Farina, born 1685, at Santa Maria Maggiore, in the valley of Bigezza, district of Domo d'Ossola. He traded in works of art, silken wares, and perfumeries, prepared and sold Cologne-water, and soon chose for his principal employment this latter branch of trade, which became known first through him. We can thus not do otherwise than acknowledge him as the discoverer of this celebrated arcanum.

At the same time that the archives of the city of Cologne mention Johann Maria Farina, they speak of another adopted citizen, Paul Feminis, who, later than Johann Maria Farina, engaged in the sale of Cologne-water; but the firm of Paul Feminis is extinct, and the descendants of this name have eagerly striven to bring their wares into market under the famous name of Farina. In this way considerable Cologne-water firms have arisen, which

are to-day eager competitors of that which rightfully claims to be the oldest, and bears the sign "Johann Maria Farina, opposite the Juelichs Place."

From the year 1709, in which, as already related, the founder of this firm emigrated to the Rhenish metropolis, the family-tree can be distinctly traced out to the present head of the house; and, to satisfy the thirst for genealogical lore, we give below the following authentic information:

Johann Maria Farina associated himself, in the year 1726, after his business had acquired an extension which overtaxed his strength, with his brother, Johann Baptist Farina, for whom he had sent to Italy. The latter died, however, six years later; and then Johann Maria associated himself with the son of the same, who at that time was twenty-two years old, and bore the name of his uncle, who was also his godfather. The nephew survived the uncle, who died in 1766, leaving solely and alone to his companion his trade, and the secret of the preparation of Cologne-water, as a legacy. Johann Maria followed the business of his uncle till his death, in the year 1790, when he left it to his three sons, Johann Baptist, Johann Maria, and Karl Anton Hieronymus. In the year 1806 Johann Maria died, leaving his share of the business to his two surviving brothers. In the year 1830 Johann Baptist resigned his share of the business to his son, Johann Maria, who, however, died three years later, whereupon his widow succeeded him as partner in the business. Karl Anton Hieronymus, in 1841, transferred his share of the business to his son, Johann Maria, the present head of the house.

The sale of the genuine Cologne-water was originally a limited one, and remained so until its admirable qualities had gained general notice, and then its sale increased gradually with its fame. The Seven Years' War brought about a highly-favorable epoch for this branch of industry. The French, who at that time had possession of the Rhineland, eagerly grasping at all fancy goods, immediately commenced using Cologne-water for the toilet, and extended its fame quickly to France and over a great part of Germany. From that time the exportation increased, till it extended over Europe, and finally over the whole world, so that in this respect the sad Seven Years' War redounded to the advantage of the city of Cologne; for, in the course of years, Cologne-water formed gradually one of the city's most important articles of trade. In course of time, however, many imitators—partly in Cologne, partly elsewhere—sprung up, and seized on the name of Farina, without standing in the smallest connection with the founder or with his descendants.

At the end of the last century, Karl Franz Farina, then dwelling in Düsseldorf, sold and transferred his name to a Cologne tradesman, who immediately brought his wares into market under this new name. Scarcely was this example instituted, than six other houses sprung up under the same name, with various Christian names. From this time began, in Cologne even, as well as in other places, the custom of selling and transferring the name "Farina," in which later a cer-

tain Johann Georg Maria Farina, in Düsseldorf, and more recently his sons, actually joined. Many used this name without having even a shadow of right to it. According to the official gazette of the government at Cologne, there existed, in 1819, sixty manufactories of Cologne-water, most of them carried on under the name of Farina, which belonged, as a family name, to only three of the manufacturers. Not only the Cologne-water, but even the name Farina, had become an object of trade. The mode of preparing the genuine Cologne-water, as compounded by Johann Maria Farina, has, however, never by himself nor by his descendants been communicated to any except those who inherited the business, and who were to carry it on; and the pretence that the secret of its preparation has become known through chemical analysis deserves no credit, because it is firmly established that science has never succeeded in determining analytically the quantity and quality of ethereal oils in a mixture.

Simultaneously with the founder of the house, Johann Maria Farina, "opposite the Juelichs Place," other members of the family of Farina (a name very common in Italy) moved to the neighborhood of Cologne, one of whom, about 1750, attracted by the success of his namesake, established a firm which was continued by his descendants. A member of this branch of the family, Johann Maria Farina, established a Cologne-water manufactory in Paris, in the year 1806.

In the year 1828 the Prussian Government decided that it was illegal to sell a name as a ware. Some of the heretofore pseudo Farinas now prosecuted the trade under their proper names. Some gave up the trade, which, without this name, had no value for them. The most part, however, devised new methods to circumvent this judicial edict, and to place themselves within the letter of the law. They went to Italy, and engaged persons bearing the name of Farina to appear in Cologne, either in proper person or through representatives, and to make contracts for the establishment of Cologne-water manufactories under the name of Johann Maria Farina. Most of these contracts, through the mode of their framing, bore unmistakably the stamp of fraud, and the courts declared them null. But still there sprung from this transaction a multitude of new Farina firms. Of the forty-eight manufactories of Cologne-water now existing in Cologne, thirty-six are carried on under the name of Farina. Foremost in the rank of those which bear other names is that of Maria Clementine Martin, a nun. The building in which her business is carried on lies opposite to the western portal of the great cathedral, and is one of the most splendid buildings in the city.

We have spoken above of the usurpation of the name of Farina. Competition, however, has not stopped at that point. Even the ancient and exclusive title, "Opposite the Juelichs Place," has been fraudulently used, so as to deceive and mislead those not perfectly acquainted with the locality and the circumstances. The competitors clung to the word "opposite," and several of them settled themselves in the neighborhood nearest to the Juelichs Place, so as to use the title

"Opposite the Juelichs Place," even though contrary to the truth. Followed by the law, they saw the use of the word "opposite" interdicted them, the clause "Opposite the Juelichs Place" being adjudged in the highest court to be the peculiar property of the firm Johann Maria Farina, which had first used it. Since then they have endeavored to make up for the loss, as much as possible, by the use of such words as "at" or "by" the Juelichs Place, and the addition of a house-number, to retrieve the loss as far as possible.

A not less mischievous device is that of various manufacturers who establish their local business in various open places in the city, so that they may be able to use upon their labels and directions the clause "opposite such and such a place," speculating upon the forgetfulness or inattention of the consumer with regard to the proper name "Juelichs," especially as they strictly imitate the firm Johann Maria Farina in labels, forms, paper, writing, etc.

But not only is the genuine firm the subject of lawless imitation, but the family coat-of-arms, the trade-seal, the fac-simile of the signature, and even the picture of the dwelling-house, printed on their labels, with the title "Johann Maria Farina, opposite the Juelichs Place," are unscrupulously counterfeited. The uninitiated purchaser who compares the flask, the label, the covering—in short, the whole outward appearance—of the fabric of the oldest distiller with those of many of his competitors, if he does not take them for homogeneous at first glance, is at least struck by their great resemblance to the genuine.

One means, and perhaps the most odious, which competitors in Cologne-water apply to their own benefit, and to the detriment of "Johann Maria Farina, opposite the Juelichs Place," is the bribery of hired servants, hackney-coachmen, and other guides offering themselves to strangers, to conduct them where they may supply themselves with "genuine" Cologne-water. Not seldom is a local stand pointed out to the stranger as a depository, or even as the manufactory, of the oldest distiller. This transaction occurs almost daily.

THE PEASANT-PAINTER — JEAN-FRANÇOIS MILLET.

THE peasant of France, according to the spirit that contemplates him, is a careless and unambitious being, much like the negro of our Southern plantations; or he is heavy and patient, struck with the sadness of the soil, his back rounded, his eyes always upon the earth, from which he wrings a scanty subsistence. He neither reads nor writes; the horizon of his fields is the only one known to him, for he never travels; and, under the vast skies, and on the level plains of Normandy, or on the coast of Brittany, he feeds his flock, often leaving the burden of its care to the sagacious dogs that so well replace the guardianship of man. Whether he leads his sheep over the cliffs of the sea-coast, or harvests wheat, or digs potatoes, he seems like the primitive man of the fields, a type which is rarely seen here; for here the

newspaper and the railway connect the most remote and rural districts with the great centres of civic life, and more or less press upon the tiller of the soil influences which destroy the simplicity of his character. But, in France, the peasant is shut from all the general influences that form the modern man. He is ignorant of the great fluctuations of the political world, ignorant of "the improvements of industry;" he knows little or nothing of cities; his habit is humble; his thoughts and expressions belong to his home-soil, and hold a modest place beside the towering solemnities of his religious faith. Jaded by work, after the lightness of mere youth is gone, he labors, and eats, and sleeps, heavy and dull, with but little margin to his ordinary life for any thing stimulating and new; he can hardly be said to think. Whether you look at this peasant with the eye of a poet, and think of him as a being unvisited by any thing between birth and death but the influences of Nature and the ceremonials of an august religion; or you look at him simply as an ignorant and superstitious man, useful only because he is docile, of no more spiritual interest to or relation with you than an animal—this, we say, will very much affect your sympathy for Jean-François Millet and his works; for Jean-François Millet, the greatest living *genre* painter, the sincerest and largest poet in art, has associated himself exclusively with the life of the French peasant. The peasant, on Millet's canvases, is often a figure as impressive, and sometimes as grand, as the figures of prophets and martyrs in the frescoes of the Italian painters.

Since Rembrandt, Millet must be considered the most unique man among figure-painters. His pictures in the International Exhibition, at Paris, in 1867, made as distinct an impression as Rembrandt's make in the great galleries of the world. Of the five French painters who were honored with a grand medal, Millet was the least known outside of the artistic body; yet he was nearest to the famous ancient Italian painters by his art, closest to our common humanity by his sentiment and subject. Of the five most illustrious living French painters he alone is broad and tender enough to be called the poet.

You can go to Gérôme's pictures, and see how much historical knowledge an artist may illustrate; to Cabernet's, and see what form the sentiment of pleasure and the perception of beauty take in one of the most accomplished artists of our century; but you will go to Millet, if you have sympathy and intelligence for the unworldly and natural, and witness the sadness of labor, and feel the profound and depressing significance of a life of toil, which is unilluminated by knowledge, unvisited by even the loosening frivolities of society. The toil, the silence of life in the fields, the mystery and depth of the suggestion of that fair apparition which we call Nature, the patient and dumb look of men and women who have no part in the great march of improvement and emancipation to which the people are called; the heavy and lonely and ancient aspect of a life so detached from what we understand as the life of our century, is pathetic and strange to all but the most ob-

durate and mechanical men. The pictures of Millet are neither pretty, nor elegant, nor exquisite; they are serious, pathetic, mournful, impressive, and yet they represent the homeliest men and women in common occupations, Millet does not belong to to-day, but to all time. His pictures are typical, and they might have been painted at any epoch since that of the Roman Empire.

Before calling your attention to some of his finest pictures, it will be well to give you a few biographical facts. JEAN-FRANÇOIS MILLET was born at Gréville, toward 1815. He went to Paris and studied under Delaroche, and exhibited his first picture in the *salon* of 1844. In due time he withdrew from Paris and established himself in the poetical little village of Barbison, on the edge of the forest of Fontainebleau, and devoted himself to the study there of Nature and the peasants around him; in the mean time living as a peasant and wearing the costume of a peasant. It has been said that Barbison is a place where a man is face to face with himself, with his work, with his God.

Millet is known by many remarkable paintings—all of them so simple in subject that nothing less than the sincerest and strongest talent of a painter could have invested them with the interest they have for all lovers of art and Nature. The titles of his works will indicate how little the great master has employed the dramatic and strange—how far he is from the cruelties and sensualities of a Doré or a Gérôme. "The Sower," "The Reapers," "The Milkmaid," "A Peasant," "Death and the Wood-cutter," "The Harvesters," "A Shepherd," "The Shearers of Sheep," "A Peasant Grafting a Tree," "The Birth of the Calf," are perhaps the best known.

Few pictures have been more diversely judged than most of Millet's, and I believe that it is only within the last five years that the critics have conceded to him the first rank as a simple and strong painter—a draughtsman who recalls the style of the old masters; while his tone and color suggest a not less noble comparison. Millet has struggled in solitude, and painted after the inspiration of his own personal genius, sustained in great part by the practical aid and artistic sympathy of Rousseau, the great landscapist. Rousseau not only aided him, but wrote a letter of remonstrance to Gautier, to what seemed to him his insensibility to the noble and rare genius of Millet. Millet has been called a brutal painter; his figures have been compared to Indian idols; his flesh-color has been said to resemble leather. And yet Millet is now the greatest painter, the most impressive colorist, and he is master of the largest style of expression, of any contemporary French artist. Before he had won his place as a painter of an uncommon and superior order, as a unique individual, a patriarchal man, angelic in his spirit, but without the apparent love of violence of the old Florentine, he was called a wilful exaggerator, who, under the pretext of style, painted peasants in clothes without any folds, and made them as immobile as wooden figures. To-day his pictures give the name to the *salon* in which they are placed, and he wins the appreciation

of the most severe judges. Several of Millet's pictures are in this country. Mr. Hunt, the artist, whose enthusiasm for Millet's works is said to be a beautiful and refreshing tribute to the genius of a great modern painter, a grandly simple man, was the first to introduce a specimen of his genius to art-amateurs on this side of the Atlantic.

Millet is a lover of the Bible—of every thing patriarchal and natural; something of Holbein and something of Rembrandt, and all the poetry and impressiveness of the lonely life of the poor peasant may be found in his paintings. To-day celebrated, ranked with the grandest men in art—one of those rare men who live close to Nature and close to man—yesterday he was poor, and reviled by critics. For more than a dozen years, without name and without bread, he had all the superiority which you find in him to-day. Now, it is mentioned as an honor to have been faithful to his genius in the day of his obscurity, and Diaz, Daumier, Barye, Alfred Sensier, and Théodore Rousseau, are mentioned as having had intelligence and admiration for his genius from the time of its first manifestation. We shall best conclude this introduction of a grand painter with the thought of a critic who cannot be called Millet's eulogist, but who seems just and discriminating: "You may not like Millet, for you may even deny his constant research for style in subjects often coarsely treated, but you dare not deny that he has a singular power of brush, and mostly a profound conviction. Those men who make of their art a sincere study, who labor incessantly, who choose exile to be better isolated, who obtain from the privileges of talent nothing but barren pain, who prefer the approval of their own consciences to the facile favors of success, and who ask of the crowd nothing but the right to carry their heads high, are rare, but the painter of 'The Sower' and of 'The Gleaners,' François Millet, is one of those."

EUGENE BENSON.

HOW THE EMPEROR WILLIAM PASSES HIS TIME.

IN the years 1834-'36, Prince William of Prussia, now the Emperor William, had built for himself, in Berlin, by the architect Langhans, a palace, on the corner of Opera-House Square and the principal avenue of the city, called "Under the Lindens."

The lot at the disposal of the architect was comparatively circumscribed, less in depth—for a portion of it runs through to the street in the rear—than on the front, which is bounded in one direction—on the square some sixty feet from the corner—by the Royal Library, and in the other by the so-called Netherlandish Palace. And yet Langhans erected a structure on this irregularly-shaped lot that is a *chef-d'œuvre*, not only in the simplicity and nobleness of its style, which has been extensively copied, but also in the judicious arrangement of the interior. The structure has a frontage on the Linden of two hundred and ninety feet, is two stories high, with thirteen windows in

the second story; while in the end toward the square, between the corner and the library, there are three windows; and yet the rooms in the second story, used on extraordinary occasions, will accommodate eight hundred persons without being overcrowded. By extending the second story over the court, Langhans made three magnificent saloons—the so-called round, white Marmorsaal (Marble Hall), the Yellow Gallery, and the Adlersaal (Eagle Hall)—none of which have an outlook on the avenue; and yet these saloons, together with an adjoining conservatory, are so cleverly arranged that they are admirably adapted to the entertaining of a large number of guests. The royal Schloss (castle)—a vast structure, built long ago, in the very centre of the city—has larger apartments for state occasions; but they are not so conveniently arranged as those of the palace Unter den Linden, which has been the emperor's city residence since 1836. In the interval, there has been only one interruption, which was in the years 1848 and 1849, when the palace came near being destroyed by the infuriated populace, and was saved by the cleverness of some unknown individual in the crowd, who wrote on the front, with a piece of charcoal, "The property of the nation," amid the huzzas of the assembled multitude. To distinguish it from the immense old pile called the Schloss, the emperor's residence Unter den Linden is designated as "The Palace."

The emperor occupies the Schloss only on extraordinary occasions, as, for example, at the opening of the Reichstag or of the Chambers, or when he receives important embassies—such as the Japanese, for example—when he gives very large *fêtes*, or entertains foreign guests. The only guests who are received in the Palace are his daughter, the Grand-duchess of Baden, and the brother of the empress, the Grand-duke of Saxony. At his favorite residence, Babelsberg, his villa at Potsdam, he is never able to spend more than three or four days at a time, as it is only at his city residence that he can well discharge the duties that devolve on him as the head of a great nation.

The Emperor William's day begins, in winter as well as in summer, between six and seven o'clock. No sooner is he up in the morning than he is ready for business. He has no practical experience of a morning hour, so agreeable to many, in dressing-gown and slippers; those articles of wearing-apparel he has never possessed. Booted and spurred, and in a military coat, he goes immediately through the library into the room beyond it—his *Arbeitszimmer* (study, or business-room), which is in the first story and on the corner, having two windows that look toward the square, and one out on the avenue, almost directly opposite Rauch's equestrian monument, in bronze, of Frederick the Great. The emperor's steps, on entering his study in the morning, are usually directed toward a little desk that stands on one side of the room. Suspended from this desk, there is a calendar, on which, under the date, are noted such events as have occurred, on the same day of the year, in the life of his majesty, as are worthy of being recorded. Each day has its motto, selected either from the Bible or the poets. The

emperor's next step is to examine the barometer, which hangs in the adjoining audience-chamber, and in the spring, when the troops are being reviewed, materially influences his disposition of the day.

Before the left window of the corner-room stands a mahogany writing-table, which, with the exception of a space large enough for writing-purposes, is covered with packages of letters and papers, and small objects that are evidently prized by their owner. Among others, there is, to mention one, a small portfolio, worked with different-colored silks on a white ground. Above and around the porcelain inkstand are the miniature pictures of the Empress Augusta, taken at the time of her marriage; of the emperor's sister, the late Empress-dowager Charlotte of Russia; and the photographs of his two children, his son and daughter-in-law, and his grandchildren. Above the table are the statuettes of his father, Frederick William III., and of his great ancestor, Frederick the Great, who is always spoken of by the imperial family as "the great king." In this mute society his majesty takes his coffee, and looks over the morning papers.

All the rooms—seven in number—comprising the emperor's apartments were originally very simply furnished and adorned. What they at present contain that gives them an air of wealth and luxury, and what gives them the impress of the character of their occupant, has been acquired, from time to time, either by purchase or gift. And so it may be said that this corner-room, with its large oil-paintings, its furniture, and almost numberless large and small works of art and articles of *virtu*, which adorn the tables, sofas, chairs, and walls, form a sort of museum which embodies the history of the man, whose life may be reckoned among the happiest, inasmuch as the aspirations of his youth and the ambition of his manhood have been crowned by successes of the most brilliant kind.

Most of the objects in this room are presents from the empress, and many are the product of her handiwork. She herself sees that every thing here is kept in order, with the solicitude of a tidy housewife, in order that nothing shall affect its occupant unpleasantly. On one side of the room there stands a long, wide table, on which there are books, maps, papers, etc., one corner being left free for the reception of whatever may be received for his majesty by mail, express, or otherwise; and every morning this corner is pretty well filled. This daily collection the emperor examines personally, opening every letter and the majority of the packages with his own hands. On the margin of all communications he makes such notes as are necessary for the guidance of his secretaries, or he places them in large leather portfolios that lie around him on the floor, and in which they are conveyed to the several bureaus which they respectively concern. When this is done, his majesty admits the aide-de-camp on duty, who brings the report of the commander of the city garrison, and a list of the audiences that are set down for that morning, whereupon the emperor designates the order in which he will receive the persons named on the list.

The empress usually takes her morning

cup of tea at about half-past nine o'clock, and that is the hour when the imperial couple exchange their morning salutations. An exceedingly artistically constructed iron winding staircase leads from the library to the second story, into the apartments of the empress. By these stairs the emperor ascends to the apartments of the empress, and remains with her while she breakfasts. There and then, as in every other household, domestic matters are discussed. The major-domo enters and presents the bill-of-fare for dinner. The empress makes such changes as she thinks proper, and he goes his way. This done, the empress reads aloud for a while, or they adjourn to the saloons that look out on the avenue. Frequently the crown-prince or the crown-princess joins them at this hour. Here they usually remain till the adjutant advises his majesty through a speaking-tube that the household officials have arrived. The emperor descends to find his *ober-chef* and *hausmarschall*, Count Fückler, and his *hofmarschall*, Count Perponcher. The business of these gentlemen disposed of, the morning audiences follow. The persons to be received wait in the adjutant's room, the windows of which look toward the court, until their turns come, and they are announced by the aide-de-camp.

Military men, who seek an audience with the emperor, are shown into a saloon that adjoins the adjutant's room, and looks toward the Lindens. This apartment is decorated with the colors and standards of the Berlin garrison. In another saloon of this *suite*, on a table, there is a picture of the battle-field of Königgrätz. On another and still larger table, near the window, there is a collection of objects, in *lapin-lazuli*, of all sizes from a seal to a clock. It is a very rare and costly collection, which the emperor has gathered little by little, and evinces his great partiality for the color blue, and especially for royal blue. The emperor generally uses this room when in the discharge of his official duties, while the corner-room may be considered as his private study, in which, for example, he receives the reports of the officials of his household and the court, his first chamberlain, the director of the royal play-houses, etc.—while in the other room he deliberates with the chiefs of the various government bureaux. In the middle of the room stands a long table covered with green cloth. It is at this table that the emperor signs the state papers that require his signature, and around it that the members of the cabinet meet in council; here the important steps taken by the government in the recent past were discussed and decided upon; at this table Prussia and the German Empire are governed. The emperor may be often seen sitting at or leaning against the windows of this room, when he usually wears his military coat unbuttoned, and salutes his personal acquaintances, who pass, familiarly with a gesture of the hand; but, if a troop of soldiers are seen coming, the coat is immediately buttoned to the throat, and the erect, regulation position takes the place of the more comfortable sitting or leaning posture. In the presence of soldiers doing duty, he is himself always the soldier in his bearing.

The religion of his life is duty; he there-

fore does whatever devolves upon him to do each day with the greatest punctuality and conscientiousness, never allowing any slight indisposition to induce him to postpone the discharge of any day's duties. His leisure moments he usually spends in his library, which contains not only books and maps, but also works of art of every description, which his majesty has either bought, has received as presents, or has drawn in the various fairs that have been held in Berlin and other German cities during the last years. He subjects these objects to a regular inspection from time to time, in order to select something for a present for a relation or an acquaintance, or, perhaps, for some one in his service. It is here that he frequently takes his luncheon, which is brought by a lackey on a waiter, and deposited on a certain low case containing objects of *virtu* in copper. Many a man in Berlin, who is not an emperor, would look upon the two or three slices of *Schwarzbrod* and bit of cold meat as very meagre fare. The emperor, unlike his immediate predecessor, is a very plain liver, and to this fact he is said to attribute his unusually good health and extraordinary vigor. Formerly, half a bottle of Moselle wine was brought with the luncheon, of which the emperor drank two or three small glasses, the remainder being reserved for dinner; of late, instead of Moselle, he drinks Tokay. During the intervals that occur between the morning reports and the audiences the empress frequently comes down to spend a half-hour with the emperor.

Until about three o'clock, the day is devoted to business, Friday excepted, when, as a rule, the emperor does not occupy himself with state affairs. This day of the week he devotes to household and court affairs. The last person to be received in the morning is his private secretary and keeper of the imperial purse, Geheim-Hofrath Borek, who receives all his majesty's private pensioners, and all persons who apply to the emperor for pecuniary assistance. The emperor honors him with very large discretionary powers. He is the worthy son of a worthy father, who was his predecessor. Borek is one of the best-known and most popular men in Berlin.

Punctually at three o'clock, when the weather is propitious, an open *calèche*, drawn by two fine black horses, drives up to the side-portal of the palace. The emperor enters it, and is driven along the Lindens, through Brandenburg Gate, into the Thiergarten, the only park of any importance about Berlin. But he is careful not to be gone more than an hour, for he knows that, if he is out longer, he will find on his return waiting for him one whose business usually admits of no delay—Prince Bismarck, the real head and father of the new German Empire. To him the emperor is always visible. Occasionally the great chancellor appears at the palace at another hour, but then it is wise to give him a wide berth—for then he is a *Sturm-vogel* (storm-bird). When the state machinery runs smoothly, the prince makes his daily report to his imperial majesty at four o'clock in the afternoon.

When, then, the emperor has discharged the day's duties of his high office, he can sit down to dinner, feeling that self-contentment

which diligence secures; as for his appetite, we need give ourselves no uneasiness with regard to it. If the empress is absent from Berlin, the emperor very rarely has any guests, except on extraordinary occasions, as, for example, the birthday of some reigning prince, after reviews, etc. When she is absent, he generally dines alone, or becomes the guest of some general or minister. And it is by no means a very unusual occurrence that they dine alone, especially in the winter months, when the empress is in the city. The bill-of-fare depends upon whether the dinner is for the emperor and the empress only, or for them and a few, many, or a great many (say one hundred) guests. In the first instance the dinner is very simple. While every Berlin burgher, who is at all comfortably circumstanced, dozes away his little hour after dinner, the sovereign of twenty-four millions of Prussians does not and never has allowed himself such an indulgence. After dinner there are letters, telegrams, and messengers that require his personal attention, and that usually occupy him into the evening hours.

While the royal theatres of Berlin begin their performances for the people at half-past six o'clock, the beginning for the emperor is when he can get through with his duties. He goes to the theatre almost every evening—either to the royal *Schauspielhaus* or to the opera, and frequently he may be seen at both on the same evening. The private theatres he visits comparatively rarely. He has as great a fondness for the drama, in all of its various forms, as his father, Frederick William III., had an aversion to it. The time the emperor spends in the theatre is the only recreation he has during the day; while he, in other places, has a thousand things to think of; while he, the first in the state, in other places must be a continual observer of forms and usages, he feels himself here in his box to be his own master; here he is alone, or is surrounded only by those whose society inclination, and not necessity, chooses. Even the society offered him by the guests, more or less numerous, who, almost every evening, enliven the saloons of the empress, would yield him little recreation. Among these guests there are always those who come "for a purpose"—to attain some selfish end—and the emperor very naturally feels inclined rather to shun than to seek them. When the empress is absent—she passes more or less time every year in Baden-Baden and Coblenz—the emperor usually spends the remainder of the evening, after the theatre, in the corner-room—takes a cup of tea, eats a sandwich, and opens whatever letters and packages may have accumulated on his table since morning. While thus occupied, in order that he may not yield to fatigue, he sits on a high leather-bottomed chair at a desk covered with green cloth. Not till the last letter is opened and the necessary marginal notes are made—which often takes till after eleven o'clock—does he retire.

The emperor's sleeping-room is between the library and the so-called *Adjutantenszimmer*. It has one large window, which looks toward the rear into a little garden. The

floor is covered with a carpet, that is far from being remarkable for its beauty. Several large mahogany wardrobes, containing the uniforms the emperor wears most frequently, stand on one side of the room; on another side stands an iron rack for his swords and sabres, of which he must have more than fifty; the hilts have leather covers, with cards attached to them, on which, in the emperor's handwriting, there is a brief history of the weapon. In one corner there is a pyramid of canes of every sort, kind, and description, each one of which is, doubtless, a *souvenir* of some place or person. Near this pyramid stands a writing-table, surmounted with a sort of *étagère*, on the shelves of which are a number of watches, in their *étuis*, and a large collection of decorations (medals), lying on their cases, on which is written the name in the emperor's hand. On the middle shelf there is a plaster bust of Queen Louisa, the emperor's mother, modelled after a *post-mortem* cast.

The rest of the furniture is very plain. In the corner near the window stands a common tin-lined wash-stand, with a top that opens and closes; the bowl and pitcher are of white porcelain. Attached to the green woollen curtain there is the theatre-bill of the evening, and above the bill hangs a common old watch. Another watch, of a similar description, hangs over his bed, directly under an image of Christ, cut out of wood. These watches are probably highly prized by their owner as *souvenirs*. The bed stands in a niche opposite the window. It is of the style that was fashionable forty or fifty years ago, and, like all the beds in Berlin, is narrow. The spread is of plain green silk. Beside the bed stands a common night-stand, with an oil-cloth cover; one would hardly expect to find a piece of furniture so plain and inexpensive in the apartments of an emperor; but the man whose reign is distinguished by the greatest events in the history of Germany is remarkable for his unostentatious simplicity.

EXPRESSION.

LIES by the river-brink
Grow marvellously fair;
Pansies pure, that seem to think,
Perfume the summer air;
Bunnels kissed by stooping trees
Dance onward to the meads;
And, like a lover, moves the breeze
Among the vocal reeds;
Fleecy clouds fly overhead,
Like flocks of angels white;
The panting rose cleaves, sultry red,
With uncontrolled delight;
Loud carolling, the throats fling
Its life into its cry:
"God grant me blossom; give me wings;
A voice—or else I die!"

HENRY GILLMAN.

THE WISSAHICKON.

THIS wild brook, with all the wilful beauty of a mountain-streamlet, must be considered as one of the suburban adornments of the staid, rectangular Quaker City.

Years ago the distance between them was

so slight that a short drive, or a not extravagant walk, carried the citizen to the Log Cabin, where the rugged, forest-clad hills and the brown bears furnished a fair presentment of the true wilderness. As the city burst her ancient confines, and the green lanes were changed into stony streets, the space constantly diminished, and now a few moments' journey in a steam-car is sufficient to plunge the traveller into a picturesque gorge, worthy of the toilsome search of the adventurous tourist. The ancient, inalienable claim of the city upon the brook has only found confirmation in the recent purchases, which have placed six miles of the lovely rivulet within the wide, extended limits of Fairmount Park.

The Wissahickon is one of those blessings granted by the lavish hand of Nature to needy humanity; and many a Philadelphia child has received its first impressions of the merry wild-wood from the wooded hill-sides along the stream, while the rocky glens and tangled thickets furnished the ready-made scenery, through which Robin Hood or Leather-Stocking could wander at will.

The stream is not long, but it fulfils its duty completely—condensing into its course all the true characteristics of mountain-scenery, giving precipitous ways that are hard to climb, pools deep enough for real danger, and that delight which a genuine boy derives from venturing into depths in which the coroner has dipped, with all the sylvan wonders of fern and moss and gloomy glen.

The name has been variously derived from the Indian terms Wisamickan, or Catfish Creek, and Wisaucksickan, or Yellow Brook. Although the latter word claims closer kindred in sound, the clear waters of the brook must repudiate the stigma upon their fair fame, as no yellow tinge defaces the limpid wavelets; while the thousands of hungry visitors, who have feasted beside the banks, on the anciently-prescribed "catfish and coffee," must bear witness to the stream's legitimate claim to the former title.

The Wissahickon rises in Montgomery County, Pennsylvania, among rolling lands, whose altitude is attested by the Welsh names impressed upon the soil, and proudly borne by the inhabitants. A winding, southerly course brings the stream into the Schuylkill River a few miles above Philadelphia, and near the lovely cemetery of Laurel Hill.

Nature planted its banks with defences against the intrusion of man. Lofty precipices and heavily-wooded hills warded off all encroachments; mighty rocks stood as sentinels beside the dark tarns; and, until recently, only by-ways and lanes gave entrance to the labyrinth. Men who, in the early years of this century, spent their boyhood upon the lower part of the stream, remember their home as a complete wilderness, traversed by no travellers from Philadelphia, and rarely visited by chance adventurers from Germantown. Even now the wildness of its primitive appearance is nowhere essentially changed, and, through miles of its extent, trees and vines hang down to the water's edge; and springs, unharmed by the restraining touch of man, creep through the mosses and trickle along the rocks, to drip softly into the quiet stream. Dense woodlands

abound, with sunless recesses, which give the wanderer all the sensations produced by forest fastnesses. The lighter borders fringe upon cultivated fields, furnishing many a breezy upland landscape, where, seated in autumn under deep shades, the silence broken only by the soft sound of the falling chestnut-burr, the eye can see, beneath the overhanging boughs, a distant vista of fields of yellow corn.

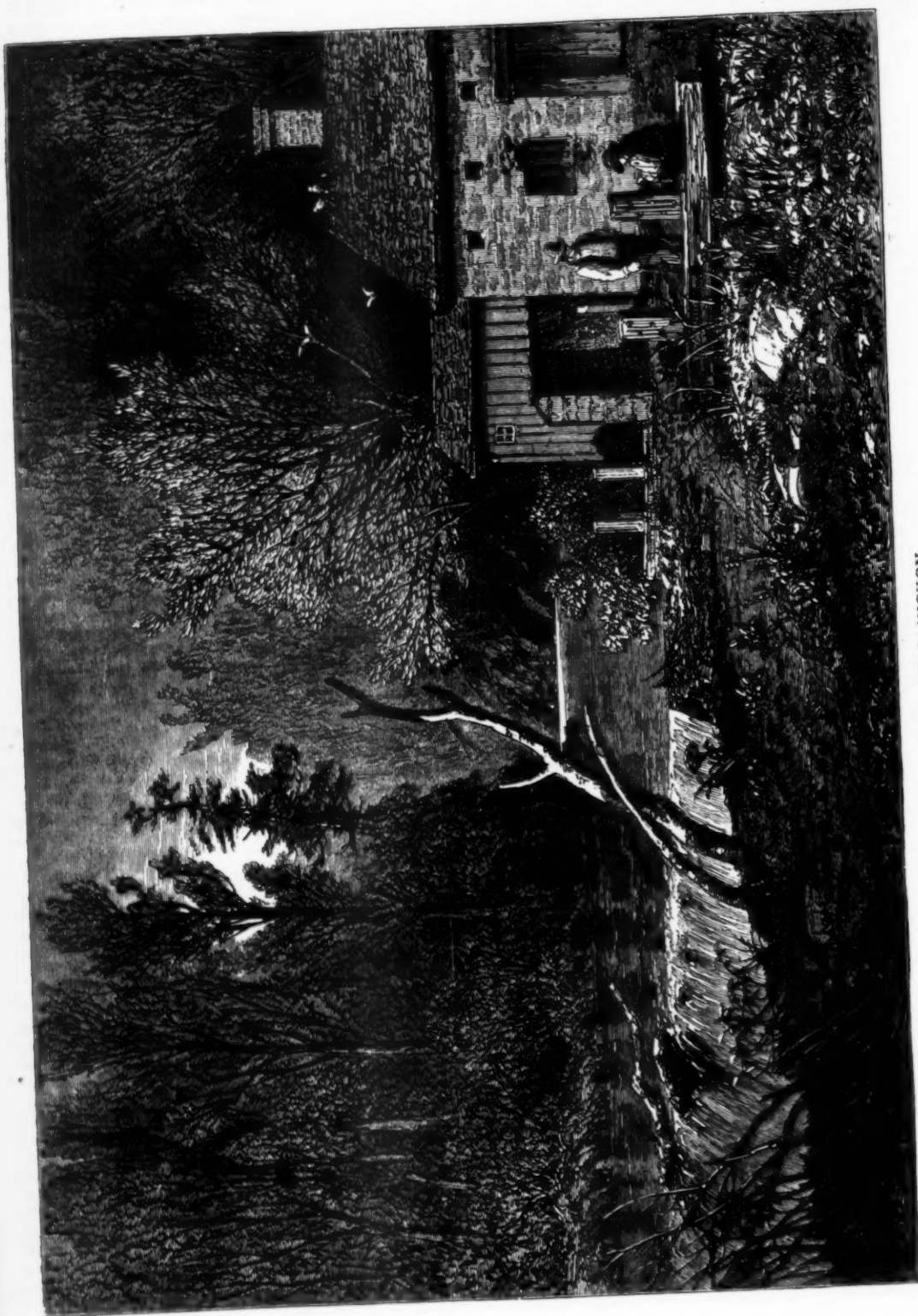
Historically, the Wissahickon may lay claim to the battle of Germantown; for, although the engagement was fairly named, as part of the action took place in the streets of the town, yet the struggle extended along the brook for miles. An encounter between the Hessians and the American forces occurred at the mouth of the stream, where it issues into the Schuylkill within the limits of Fairmount Park. Higher up, cannon were planted on the heights, on both sides of the rivulet, while the opposing infantry met in close conflict at many places on the bank; and one of our patriotic generals lamented that the ill fortune of the day compelled him to leave a cherished field-piece on "the horrendous hills of the Wissahickon."

After the disastrous termination of the fray, the line of retreat followed the course of the stream toward its head-waters. Wounded soldiers fell by the way, and were, by the sad fortunes of war, captured and recaptured by detached bands from either camp. Far up the stream Washington found a resting-place for his army at White Marsh; while, near its source, the Welsh of Gwynedd, their ancient warlike blood tingling in their veins, opened their quiet meeting-house as a refuge for the wounded patriots.

The Wissahickon, with its tributaries, are indissolubly connected with that disastrous winter which had its sad opening on the field of Brandywine, which deepened in sorrow at the luckless affray of Germantown, and which dragged out its dark days of suffering in the snow-banks of Valley Forge. Barefooted American soldiers scoured the country in search of the food as eagerly sought by British foragers from Philadelphia, and winter lingered upon the fields, and chilled the hearts of the patriots, until, with the opening warmth of spring, Philadelphia was once more in the hands of its true masters, and brighter skies unfurled above the devoted followers of Washington.

From the peculiar ruggedness of its banks, the stream is but thinly populated. Mills were built upon it in the early days of the settlements, and many of the sites are still picturesque in ruins, and the occasional residences are generally on the hill-tops, with communications directed from the stream toward the more open country.

At Chestnut Hills the hitherto restricted view opens out upon a wide and varied landscape. The lovely highlands of this region, with the heights about Germantown, border closely upon the stream, and exhibit the wealth of Philadelphia in its brightest aspect. Fine taste has adorned a magnificent landscape, without destroying its primitive charms; and the opulence of modern civilization has bound the beauty of Nature in a graceful and gracious thralldom.



THE WISSAHICKON.

OUR BIRDS OF GRACEFUL FLIGHT.

NATURE is proverbially frugal. Where she bestows brilliance of plumage, she is apt to deny sweetness of song; and, where there is peculiar elegance of figure, gracefulness of carriage, or swiftness of motion, we may usually look out for something proportionally unpleasant as a counterpoise. The only being on earth capable of excellence in all things is man; and the only country known to have actually produced an "Admirable Crichton," excelling in all arts and accomplishments, and in looks besides, is the bleak "Land o' Cakes" and John o' Groats.

There is one bird, however, extending its flight over the greater part of North America, that is almost an exception to this rule. Seen only in the time of flowers, and rejoicing in flowers of the tubular sort, it can be studied to advantage in the warm season of the year only, and then in the midst of an abundant flower-garden.

Suppose yourself, reader, in a portico embowered with honeysuckles, and enjoying their fragrance. You hear, beyond the wall of vines, a gentle hum-m-m! of that musical pitch which boys so covet with their tops. But it cannot be the sound of a top, because it swells and subsides. It is evidently caused by something that approaches and recedes. Can it be the buzzing of a gigantic bumble-bee, regaling itself amid the flowers? You look inquiringly around. There, through an opening of the soft, green leaves, you see the flash of a burnished emerald, about the size of half your forefinger, projected through the air. It stops at the mouth of a flower, and you are able to scan its parts and peculiarities. Oh, what a glorious little creature! How trimly built; how admirably adapted to its mode of life, by inserting its long, slender bill to the bottom of the flowers, and extracting thence whatever it may find! And it needs no support from the flower in its probing, nor from its stem; it is poised in mid-air by its own wings with as much steadiness as if it rested on a perch. You discover also that its color does not consist wholly of gem-like green; there is, intermixed with the emerald, the flash of enamelled gold, and its throat is a ruby red, glittering, like the back, with metallic lustre. As for its wings, there is nothing to be seen of them except an indistinct outline of something in rapid motion; but its breast and under parts are of a soft, grayish white.

You make all these observations while it is engaged at a single flower. Having finished with this, it darts quickly to another; and now, having gone the rounds of all on the farther side of the vine, it has come on the side next you, and now hums within reach of your hand. The temptation is too strong to be resisted. You make a quick grasp, in the hope of catching it. Catch it! You might almost as well try to catch a lightning-flash; it has gone like an arrow, and will return no more until your change of position promises it greater safety.

This humming-bird—for, although nat-

uralists number sixty or seventy species, there is but one* of them that frequents the United States—the *Trochilus colubris*, is about three inches long, with slender bill about half the length of its body, containing a long, bipartite tongue fitted for darting deep into the cups and tubes of flowers, and extracting thence its food. Most people suppose, probably in view of its butterfly size, and habits, and brilliancy, that it lives solely on the nectar of flowers, and there is no doubt that it does so live in part, for it has been kept alive for months on sweetened water dropped into the bottom of artificial flowers. But it is scarcely possible for *deu-fed* animals to be as fierce as these tiny creatures are, for they are desperate fighters, and are so passionate that, it is said, they will sometimes tear in pieces a flower that has disappointed them. Their nest, neatly made of the softest possible materials, and about the size of a half egg-shell of the ordinary hen, is usually concealed in the midst of a leafy fruit-tree, and seldom contains more than two eggs, which are about the size of a moderate pea.

Passing away from this diminutive race, which, with the exception of a few fishes, embraces the smallest of known animals furnished with a backbone—some species being less than a pennyweight in weight, and being exceeded in size by the larger bumble-bees—our attention is arrested by the remarkable flight of another class of small birds only two sizes larger, the *swallows* and *martins*, known by the family name of *Hirundines*.

Of all land-birds familiar to us, these remain *longest on the wing*. The chimney-swallow flutters out of its sooty home at early dawn, returns to it at deepening dusk, and repeats all day long its cheerful twitter in the air overhead; but who ever sees it at rest? Its little wings vibrate with almost invisible rapidity, yet they move with as much vigor at even-tide, when the swallow bids the fading world "good-night," and drops into its hole, as they did in the early morning. The same, with abatement, may be said of its first cousins, the *martins*.

This whole family belongs to the class of *Fissirostrals*, or *split-beaks*, all of whom gain their living on the wing, and whose bills, although small to first appearance, are not small in fact, but are capable of opening "from ear to ear," to afford them greater facility for catching insects in the air.

Whoever will watch the swallows and martins about sunset, when they are making preparations for their night's retirement, may see that they *drink* as well as feed upon the wing; for, as they skim above the surface of river or pond, a slight ripple now and then shows that a mouthful has been scooped up. Indeed, it is reported by close observers that they not only feed *themselves* upon the wing, but, in like manner, feed their fledglings as

* An observant friend informs the writer that not only the ruby-throated but "the black-throated humming-bird (probably *Trochilus alexandri*) is occasionally to be seen in these parts—Upper Georgia. The throat is a velvety black, with a whitish border, but is without metallic lustre. In some parts it is marked with violet or steel-blue reflections; the upper part of the body with golden green, as if coated with a transparent enamel."

soon as they are able to accompany them through the air.

Highly-interesting scenes are often to be witnessed when, in their breeding-time, a bird of predatory character has intruded too near their nest. The courageous martins dash after it, without asking any questions as to relative size, strength, or swiftness. Sometimes alone, sometimes in pairs or in larger numbers, they make their defensive attack by hurrying to a position a few feet above that of the intruder, then darting down with all force, and sticking their sharp bills into its back. Crows and buzzards, under these circumstances, are as helpless as a horse at a hornet's-nest. It is amusing to see how they hasten away, dodging as best they can the attacks of their nimble foe. The hawk, however, is a more dangerous adversary, being retortive as well as resentful. He, too, hurries off, fast as he can, from the well-guarded neighborhood, but, after dodging a few times, like the others, he becomes wrathful, and, as the martin swoops down, he turns upon his back and makes a grab with his talons. In most cases this grab is adroitly evaded, but woe to "Betty Martin" if it is not; for in an instant she is torn to pieces between talons and beak, and dismissed from her airy height to the earth, no longer a bird but a thing!

The length of time they can remain on the wing, and the distance they must overpass, is amazing. Twelve, fourteen, fifteen hours a day, at more than railroad speed—but say thirty or forty miles the hour—will figure out from three hundred and sixty to six hundred miles as a day's work in flying. Nor is this wing-work confined to the height of a few yards above the tree-tops. Far up yonder, so high that it is barely visible as a black speck against a snow-white cloud, one of these little birds has clambered into the deep-blue sky. What is it after? Insects? Hardly, so high up as that. Perhaps it is led there by the pleasure of trying its powers; perhaps to enlarge its views of this "wide, wide world;" perhaps to determine a path through the pathless air, to be used when the time comes for it to migrate. No doubt it has an object, but we do not know what it is; and, having never ourselves been martins, so far as we or Mr. Darwin can remember, we can only conjecture.

Before leaving this class of *Fissirostrals*, there is another family, generically distinct from the swallows and martins, though marked by the same peculiarity of beak, and by the same insectivorous proclivities, which claims our attention. The naturalist will instantly recognize its family by the name *Caprimulgus*, which is only the aristocratic Latin for what the Englishman knows in his homely Saxon as *goat-sucker*. The most noted of these species in America is the *whippoorwill*, of which two sub-species, the *chick-a-willa*, and *chuck-wills-widow*, are common on the Southern seaboard, and are sometimes heard singing all three together.

But it is not of whippoorwills that we wish to speak, for they are birds of ungraceful flight, and, moreover, are very seldom seen, being decided nocturnals. There is another species which is not wholly a night-bird, although known far and wide by the

name of night-hawk,* whose flight is not only graceful, but peculiar.

Late of a clear afternoon, in spring or summer, a sound of *quak*! or *quck*! uttered short, high up in the air, and succeeded every few seconds by another *quak*, informs all who care to know that there is a male night-hawk far above gunshot, paying assiduous attention to a female of his species within easy gunshot of the earthy surface. The term "gunshot" is used as a unit of measure, because the bird, being highly prized for the table—for it is well flavored, and fat as a butter-ball—is a favorite game for those who love easy shooting on the wing. The female is silent. With very business-like air, she flits hither and thither, over perhaps half a mile square, intent apparently upon nothing but a supper of mosquitoes and other gnats, yet no doubt keeping a pleased ear open to that complimentary *quak*, sounding so earnestly above, and an eye open, too, to the graceful climber there. Climber, we say, with intention, only regretting that the idea of *ascending by ladder* cannot be expressed with it, for then it would picture more precisely the motion alluded to. The male bird, with every utterance of his note, gives several vigorous flaps with his wings, which cause him to shoot up some feet higher. This ascent, by jerks, is very uniform, but the direction otherwise seems to be capricious and aimless. The secret of this is, that his motions are governed by those of his lady-love near the earth, who is not usually visible, and whom he is preparing to approach in such manner as to insure her admiration. Having attained the height necessary for the purpose, his *quak* suddenly ceases; he no longer beats the air; his wings are folded back, and his head sloped downward. He descends—slowly at first, but with rapidly-increasing velocity, having his course directed toward that matter-of-fact female who is so soberly searching for gnats. Just before coming to her level, his course gracefully curves from a slope downward to a horizontal, then to an ascent, in performing which feat he so disposes his feathers that, in the moment of passing, at his greatest speed, a foot or two above her head, there is produced a peculiar *whooping* sound, which is sometimes so loud that she darts away in pretended fear. The moment his coveted whoop has been produced, he begins his climbing motion as before, ever governing his course by hers, and preparing to repeat, at the earliest moment, his odd but earnest serenade.

From the order of *split-beaks* we pass now to that of the *climbers*, or *Sauvoriales*, which are all marked by having their toes divided into pairs, two before and two behind.

What poet has ever sung of the graceful flight of the woodpecker? yet who that hath eyes to see has not observed it? The whole family, from the great-grandfather, *log-cock*, the noblest of them all, down to the tiny *sap-sucker*, no larger than a sparrow, are characterized by a peculiar *up-and-down* motion, that reminds us of Hogarth's "line of beauty."

* By some known as bull-bat, but why, it is hard to tell; for its only *esperpilion* trait is a love for twilight, and any thing *laurine* must be matter of fancy. Wilson, the ornithologist, names it *Cypselurus Americanus*.

Of all these birds, the most noticeable when seen—yet the least frequently seen, because, although an inhabitant of all the Atlantic States, from the Gulf of Mexico to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, he is a shy bird, loving the deep, wild woods, and shunning the haunts of man—is the *large black woodpecker* (*Picus pileatus*), or woodcock, wood-hammer, log-cock, as he is differently called. It measures usually a foot and a half in length, and has a wing-spread of two or two and a half feet. While on the wing there is a great show of white, but when at rest, or while climbing a tree, there is little seen except the black of its body, with a large crest of brilliant red. Wherever the woods are dense and widely extended, it may be heard through the greater part of the year, hammering upon the trees in quest of worms, and sometimes uttering a loud *clack! clack! clack!* which is regarded by the weather-wise as a sign of rain. If you live in the midst of a forest, it will not hesitate to alight on a decayed stump in your yard, which it soon hammers to pieces, or on a tree near your house, which it will climb with a bobbing motion that brings its breast almost into contact with the trunk. You may suppose, from its fearlessness, that it is not aware of your presence; but watch its movements, and you will see that it always climbs the tree on the side opposite to you, and that, with every few feet of ascent, its big red head peeps at you from behind the safe cover of the tree-trunk. The moment you approach too near, its broad wings are spread, and, under cover still of the trunk, it flaps its wavy way to another tree, up which it climbs with a cackle that sounds very much like a laugh.

The *sap-suckers*, of which there are four or five species, are the smallest of our climbers. Instead of being the orchardist's enemies, feeding upon the life of his trees, as their name imports, they deserve to be numbered among his best friends, by destroying worms and insects from bark, leaf, and root, and especially the *borer-worm*, which enters the tree just where it joins the earth, and which can be reached by no bird except the sap-sucker, hammering at it with head down.

The most interesting, and at the same time the smallest of these species, remains with us all winter. It is a pretty little thing, about the size of a sparrow, with a coat of bluish gray, contrasting strongly with stripes of black, while its vest is of dark white. All its motions are quick and nervous, its flights being only from tree to tree, the trunks of which it examines in every part, moving with equal ease, around or perpendicularly, head up, head down, or sideways. It is exceedingly tame and fearless, coming within reach of your hand for crumbs laid upon your window-sill,* but watching jealously lest you intend evil, flying off with its crumb to some place

* Since the above was written, a sap-sucker has come to the writer's window and peeped in, calling his attention by a short, cheerful note, no doubt remembering in this hard weather (December 23d), the crumbs that had been laid there for it last winter. It is almost superfluous to add that its appeal was not disregarded. . . . It must have told its mates the story, for there is a visitor at the pile of crumbs every fifteen or twenty minutes through the day.

of safety, where it will fix it in a crevice and peck it to bits. While feeding, no other bird of its size dare approach. Its trimness of figure and elegance of plumage place it in the list of prettiest birds, despite its short legs and odd motions, and, more than all, its bill, turned up with such an air of Lilliputian sauciness as to provoke a smile.

Midway in size between the log-cock and the sap-sucker are two beautiful species, too well known to allow describing, the *red-h woodpecker*, with its familiar *c-r-r-r*, and *golden-winged woodpecker*, so widely known as flicker, yellow-hammer, wood-lark, high-hole, wittock, etc.

It might be supposed that, long ere this, something would have been said of a class of birds, primal in their repute for grace and easy swiftness through the air—the *doves* (*Columba*)—by which are to be meant pigeons as well. But patience, to say nothing of paper, would fail, had we no rule but that of merit. Hitherto we have confined our attentions mainly to those whose peculiar excellences of flight have seldom, if ever, been described; whereas this class of birds has been famed, both in song and sober prose, ever since the day when the weary-hearted poet sang, "Oh, that I had wings like a dove!" (Psalm lv. 6.) There is but one American species that has not been made well known to readers, and that is the beautiful little *ground-dove* of our Southern seaboard, not much larger than a well-fed swamp-sparrow, and of exceeding gentleness of appearance—of *appearance*, we say, for it is in reality very fond of fighting; but it is so remarkable for flight as for its softly-tinted plumage and its plump elegance of figure.

We will now close this series of descriptions by our notice of a bird which, under our title, it would be *rank* injustice to pass by, yet which we actually dread to approach. If the inverse be true of the rule with which we set out, that there are no Admirable Crichtons in Nature, then the *Vultur aura*, or *turkey-buzzard*, ought to possess some very great excellences. For, to say nothing of certain horrible habits which incline us to grasp the pocket-handkerchief at a mere mention of its name, we can scarcely conceive of any thing endowed with legs and locomotion more ridiculously awkward in every "hop, skip, and jump" by which it moves upon the earth. It utters no sound except a discordant hiss, and, as for *personal appearance*, its bald head, and big, brutal bill, surmounting a rough body, encased in a coat of very rusty black, reminding one, at its best, of Dominic Sampson's suit at its worst, impress us painfully with a sense of the unwartistic. Among the much that is repulsive, there is nothing to be seen that is redeeming.

But this is true only while it is on the ground, or on a perch near by. Only let it get upon the wing and in full flight, and the whole aspect is reversed. Of all graceful movers through the air, there is not one in this or, perhaps, in any other country, that is its peer. The eagle and the hawk approach nearest, and sometimes, at a great distance, may for a moment be mistaken for it; but, whatever may be its distance or its height, there is a peculiar elegance of motion by

birds
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which a practised eye distinguishes it from all others. In its first efforts to rise from the ground, or to gain headway after leaving its perch, it labors, like most other birds, by flapping the wings; a half-minute, however, suffices to set it in full motion, after which there is seldom any movement of the pinions, except what seems intended for *balancing*, rather than for propelling. This seeming movelessness of wing is kept up for minutes at a time, even when wheeling against a strong wind; and the flapping, when indulged at all, is at such distant intervals, and with such moderation, as to leave the spectator puzzled to know how the speed is kept up. Indeed, this is still an open question; for, to the closest observers, the only motions visible, which can possibly propel, are—first, the rocking or oscillatory motion, just now alluded to, which is generally seen as the bird, after sailing rapidly with the current, suddenly wheels into the eye of the wind, and appears to work its way by means of this rocking; and, secondly, a gentle bend of the pinion proper (i. e., of the joint farthest from the body), but so gentle as to be perceptible only when the bird is near you and flying so directly along the axis of vision that its wings and body appear as tapering lines against the sky. But, to a person skilled in mechanics, neither of those motions, nor both of them combined, appear adequate to generate *one-tenth part* of the force necessary for the work accomplished. True, natural philosophers are very much unsettled of late on the subject of physical force; or, rather, they have cut loose from all the old theories, and are settling down to the conviction that all the once physical forces—*light, heat, electricity, magnetism*, and, so far as we can see, the attraction of gravitation, and chemical affinity, too—are but different *modes of motion*, each convertible into the others, and therefore being one and the same in essence. But, if these be only so many “modes of motion,” measurable by what are called *foot-pounds*, then two questions may legitimately arise: first, What is *motion*? and, when that is answered, then, secondly, May not the buzzard, the eagle, and other birds which *sail* like them, without visible effort adequate to their propulsion, be endowed with some galvanic or other internal apparatus, by which they generate, and hold in reserve, “foot-pounds” of force sufficient to accomplish their mysterious work of flight?

As to swiftness, there are many birds superior to it, as is proved by its vain efforts to escape their worrying beaks when it has incautiously intruded into the neighborhood of their nests; but its usual speed is probably between twenty and forty miles per hour; and there is no bird which seems to soar upward or to sail around with such ease, as to leave the impression that its *locomotion is rest*. The characteristic difference of the impression made by watching the flight of the turkey-buzzard, on the one hand, and of sea-gulls, albatrosses, and other sea-birds, on the other, is expressed in two words—never-weary and ever-weary. Perhaps no person, in working his toilsome way along some dusty road, and seeing one of these graceful birds sweeping past on easy wing, has not

caught himself saying, “Oh, that I were—no, *not a buzzard!*”

There is another surprising faculty, connected indirectly with flight, exhibited by this remarkable bird, and that is its power of detecting its food at almost incredible distances. Whether this is accomplished by sight or smell, or by some sense unknown to man, is a question as much in suspense as that concerning its mode of flight. Its habit, in search of food, is to soar, in circles, over a large extent of country, oftentimes at very great altitudes. One fact in favor of believing that its food is detected by smell is, that it usually comes to it *against the wind*. For instance, if the body of a horse be buried a few inches only below the surface, there will be seen first a solitary buzzard, then others in succession, which will come against the wind, look eagerly in every direction, overpass the spot, then return, while some of them take their places on trees in the neighborhood. This looks as if the sense of smell had something to do with it. In those cases where its food has been detected by the eye, it will sail in circles around it for hours, then perch upon a neighboring tree, and watch it, with gloating eyes, until by natural process it has been cooked and made sufficiently tender for its rough carving. It is a great epicure, and practises in perfection the rule adopted by Kamtchatkans and at fashionable restaurants, of having the meat “high.” * But, although patient enough while waiting for the auspicious moment, there is no loss of time afterward.

The writer recollects, in childhood, watching a congregation of these birds at a luscious feast by a river-side, when suddenly he was alarmed by an unearthly screech far up in the sky. We looked eagerly up. Nothing was visible but a black speck, which rapidly increased in size. We watched until that speck was developed into a hungry buzzard, which, having discovered from an immense height the signs of a feast, and being anxious for a share, had put its wings close against its sides, and come down with such accelerated velocity that the wind, quivering through its wing-feathers, produced a shrill sound that might be heard a mile away! It continued its stone-like descent until within a few yards of the earth, when, by a change in the posture of the wing, assisted by its caudal helm, it made a sudden turn in its course, shot upward a few feet, then dropped gently down amid the festive throng.

It has been noticed that these birds are seldom visible during a thunder-storm, unless overpowered by appetite and the temptation of a feast. They are not to be seen perched

* “I expect some friends to dine with me to-day. Please have the best dinner that you can provide,” said a young American, flush with money, to the lady proprietor of a European eating-house.

“Will you have your game high or low?” she inquired.

He, not knowing the peculiar force of the word “high” in this connection, but being ambitious to have every thing in best style, replied: “Oh, *high*, of course, *high as you can have it.*”

The game was high—too high, in fact, for the olfactories of the company, and proved a dead loss in the dinner.

on the trees, nor hopping on the ground, nor sailing through the air. Then, where are they? Watch, as the dark masses of cloud come rolling up from the west, uttering their growls of distant thunder, and you may answer the question yourself. If the end of the cloud is visible either to the north or to the south, you will see these birds, in numbers, hurrying straight that way, evidently intending to pass beyond reach of the storm. If, however, as is sometimes the case, the clouds gather too fast or stretch too far for escape, what shall the buzzard do? Watch him again, and you will see that, although his flight is rapid, it is not straight, but *circling*; his course is upward. Keep your eye on him, and, after a while, you will see him far up yonder in the clear blue sky, higher than the angry clouds; or if they come too fast for him to escape at any of their edges, you will see him ascending by airy circles, until, in an instant, he is lost to sight. He has boldly plunged into the vapory mass, and yet he may occasionally be seen through a rift, urging still his steady flight to the region of undimmed sunshine.

This bird is emphatically a *soarer*; and, though the whole family of *Falconines*, or *Raptorial*s, to which he belongs, partake more or less of this characteristic, from the eagle down to the sparrow-hawk, he is, beyond comparison, in this respect, the most accomplished of them all.

F. R. GOULDING.

LADY SWEETAPPLE; OR THREE TO ONE.

CHAPTER LIX.

HARRY'S SECRET OZES OUT.

WE forgot to say that, when the races were over on Tuesday, it was settled that the Heath-Lodge party should walk over on Wednesday morning and see the grounds at Ouzelmere.

“It will be something to do,” said Lady Pennyroyal, “before the races begin.” Lady Charity, kind old soul, at once consented, for she wished to bring Alice and Edward as much together as possible. Amicia did not object, nor Florry, of course; the latter, because the arrangement would please her sister; the former, because Florry could do her no harm, now that Harry Fortescue was away.

Amicia awoke very early that Wednesday morning, quite as early as Harry Fortescue in fact, but for a very different reason. She was pining because she had lost her love; he, because he was just about to find her. In the one case it was the wakefulness of despair; and, in the other, the wakefulness of hope.

“I think we had better start for Ouzelmere as soon as we can,” said Lady Charity.

“The sooner the better,” said Amicia. “The sooner we go, the sooner it will be over.”

Edward Vernon was naturally anxious to go, and so it happened that they were off and away to Ouzelmere, by that short cut across the heath which belonged to the lord of the

manor, before Harry Fortescue's letter to Edward Vernon arrived.

When they reached Ouzelmere, they found the whole party walking on the terrace, and they set out at once to explore the domain of fifty acres.

It so happened that Alice and Edward led the party, a good way in front. Those behind respected the feelings of young lovers, and would not hurry them by treading on Love's heels; so it was that, when they came to the turning-point, when they must either double back to the house or push on through the wood, Alice said to Edward:

"The fragrance of that pine-wood is so balmy, let us go on. We have had enough of art, now let us try the charms of Nature."

To hear was to obey with Edward, and they were well on among the tall trees before the rest came up.

"I suppose we must follow them," said Lady Pennyroyal, as she crossed the boundary; and where she went the others followed.

"See," said Florry to Amicia, "there is a gypsy encampment on the heath. Let us turn back."

"Let us rather press on," said Amicia. "Who can tell whether we may not have our fortunes told?"

It was the usual gypsy-wagon, the same sharp-eyed, middle-aged women, the same wrinkled old crones, the same brown, half-clad children, and the same bright-eyed, olive-cheeked maidens.

But there was one of them whom Amicia recognized at once. It was Sinaminta, the woman whom they had met under King Edward's oak at High Beech, whose nomad family had been attracted to Ascot by the races.

Nor was the recognition on her side alone. When Amicia went up to her and said, "We have met before," Sinaminta answered in a moment:

"Yes, we have met before. I see many here whom I met before," she added, glancing round the rest of the party, who had by this time come up. "But I miss one, and that one the gentleman who spoke most to me. Where is he? Does he not come to the races?"

"It is for you to tell us where he is," said Amicia.

"Yes," said Florry; "do tell us where he is!"

"Can't you guess where he is?" said Sinaminta, mockingly. "Two pretty ladies, both asking at once of a poor Romany where a handsome young man is. He was with you under King Edward's oak; why has he not come with you to the heath?"

"We will not tell you, Sinaminta," said Amicia. "It is for you to tell us where he is."

"We do not know where he is," said Florry, passionately; "and we both wish so much to know."

"Ah!" said Sinaminta, still in the same mocking tone, "you both want to know so much! I can tell you. He is with a third lady, whom you do not know. That same young lady, of whom I spoke to you under the oak."

"Do you mean the dark young lady in the

background?" said Amicia, very incautiously, in her anxiety of heart.

"Yes," said Sinaminta, "he is with her. How can you doubt it, if he is not with you?"

"I don't believe it," said Florry. "I believe he is somewhere else."

"Believe it or not, as you like," said Sinaminta. "I will say no more."

"Then she turned to Edward Vernon and Alice, and wanted him, with a whine so different from the free way in which she had just been speaking, to have his fortune told, "and the pretty lady's."

"We don't want it told, said Edward; "we know it already."

"You had better give her something, dearest," whispered Alice to Edward, "or she will be saying something dreadful, and I shall never get it out of my head."

"Any thing rather than spoil our holiday," said Edward; and, as he spoke, he crossed Sinaminta's hand with half a sovereign.

"Those gypsies are a great nuisance," said Lord Pennyroyal, as they slowly retraced their steps through the wood. "They ought to be put down by the good sense of the community, as well as by act of Parliament."

By the time he had ended, the party were again on Ouzelmere land; and, shortly afterward, Lady Charity and her two chickens struck off from the rest across the heath, and got back to Heath Lodge before twelve o'clock. The first thing that met Edward's eyes was the railway parcel, directed in Harry's hand.

"Here's a letter from Harry. Now we shall know all about him."

Lady Charity stood ready to listen; but we are sorry to say that Amicia was rude, very rude.

As soon as Edward opened the letter, and his face changed on reading it, she snatched it out of his hands, read it, threw it on the ground without saying a word, ran up to her room, and was not to be seen by any one but Lady Charity for the rest of the day.

The blow had fallen when she least expected it. She had made Edith Price safe, as she thought, and at Ascot she felt herself quite a match for Florry Carlton; but here something providential had happened, something which it had never entered into her calculations to guard against. The mother of the rival she had so much dreaded had died; and the mere intelligence of that calamity had been enough to recall Harry Fortescue to London, and to throw him into the power of Edith Price. It was too dreadful. She would not and could not bear it. And though, at last, Lady Charity mounted the ladder, and forced her to unlock the door of her cabin, she found her deaf to any words of comfort, and quite resolved not to go to the races that day.

"What is to be done?" said Lady Charity, in despair; for Lady Charity was the pink of politeness—the carnation or picotee, we might almost say, she was so polite—and you must know that her last words on leaving Lady Pennyroyal had been:

"Well, remember we reckon on your making your way to our box to-day."

"I don't care what's to be done," said

Amicia. "They may go to the box, and welcome, only I won't go to it." And then she burst into tears of mortification.

"I think I will send Mr. Vernon over to say that you are unwell, and that I am staying with you to nurse you, and that they are welcome to the box. Poor fellow! it will be very dull for him here."

"Do as you like," said Amicia, sobbing. "I am quite broken down, and can't go."

"But, darling, did he say any thing horrible in that letter?" asked Lady Charity. "Is he going to be married?"

"Not so bad as that, quite," sobbed Amicia; "but very bad. Edith Price's mother has died suddenly, and Harry Fortescue rushed back to town to see about the funeral; and Edith Price is coming back to town. And by this time they have met, and all my plans are wrecked and ruined."

"I don't see why a young man should marry a governess, however pretty she may be, when it is only proved that he has gone back to town to bury her mother."

"That's only because you don't know Harry," said Amicia. "He would marry any one he likes, governess or no governess. And now this artful little wretch will get hold of him and marry him. Did you not hear what the gypsy said?"

"Don't be so silly," said Lady Charity.

But Amicia would not be reasonable, and so Edward Vernon ran across to Ouzelmere just in time to catch the Pennyroyals, and to accompany them to the Charity box, as he called it.

Lord Pennyroyal was still resolute about his horses, and so the whole party had to trudge across the short cut and along the dusty road.

Long before Edward Vernon had reached the Charity box, Alice Carlton had found out that he had heard from Harry Fortescue, and she was now bent upon that explanation which had been promised to her at High Beech.

"If you love me, Edward," she said, in that sweet lover's voice which is not quite a whisper, "you will tell me all about it, for Florry's sake."

"I had much rather tell it for yours," said Edward.

"Then tell it for mine; only tell it, and tell it at once, or I won't love you one bit."

Whether Edward Vernon was really afraid that Alice would pout and play the tyrant, as she had threatened, or whether he was so much in love with her that he forgot every thing else but her desire, we cannot say; but certain it is that, before they left that Charity box, Edward Vernon had told Alice the whole story of Harry's connection with the Prices, and that Alice and he had now no secrets on the subject.

"Was I not right in saying that it could all be explained?" he asked, as they sat side by side and alone, though in the midst of their friends.

"Yes, and nobly explained," said Alice. "It makes me proud of you, and," she added, "of having Harry Fortescue as my friend. But tell me one thing more—is Harry in love

with Edith Price, and is she very charming?"

"She is not nearly so charming as another young lady I could name," said Edward; "but, as for Harry's being in love with her, all I can say is, I know nothing about it. If he is in love, he has not taken me into his confidence."

"Thank you so much, for poor Florry's sake! I feel, when I see you, that Harry is not in love yet with Florry; but it will be a comfort to know that he is not in love with any one else."

So now Harry Fortescue's "inviolable secret" was revealed, for when three people know a secret it is no secret. As soon as Edward Vernon's back was turned—for, as in duty bound, he returned to dine at Heath Lodge—Alice Carlton repeated what she had heard to Florry, and Florry told it all to Lady Pennyroyal.

"How very noble in those young men to have supported a destitute family so long!"

"Very noble," said Florry, with a sigh; for she could not help feeling, if Harry Fortescue's generosity were to end in his marrying Edith Price, it would have been much better for her if he had not been generous at all.

"And this explains all that mystery about the advertisement," added Lady Pennyroyal. "When we were all so hard upon Mr. Fortescue after breakfast at High Beech, some of us thought he would turn out to be very wicked or very silly; but, though he could have justified himself, he never opened his mouth. He was, in fact, a martyr to his generosity."

"Yes, we were all very unjust to him," said Florry, cut to the heart at the recollection of that scene she had with him in the conservatory.

"I really must tell Lord Pennyroyal all about it," said Lady Pennyroyal. "He, I know, thought the advertisement was mixed up in some way with gambling debts, and there is nothing he hates so much. But there is one thing which he admires above all things—generosity in others; and, though you will scarcely believe it, my dear, in great things Lord Pennyroyal is one of the most generous men in the world."

"I think every one who had an unfavorable feeling against Mr. Fortescue is bound to make him amends," said Florry, hardly restraining herself from bursting into tears.

So Lady Pennyroyal that very night before dinner told the whole story to Lord Pennyroyal, who said it was very generous and very Quixotic, and in such young men too.

"I have heard of young men being generous to this person or that, but that they should take upon their shoulders the support of a whole family for so many years passes my comprehension. It was very noble, but, I repeat it, very Quixotic."

That was all that Lady Pennyroyal could extract from her husband in praise of Harry and Edward.

But, for all that, Lord Pennyroyal, though

he was no gossip, went and told the story to Mr. Marjoram, and Mr. Marjoram told it to his wife.

"I do think," said Mrs. Marjoram, "it's the most noble, unostentatious act of munificence I ever heard of. Depend upon it, these young men will have their reward in heaven. I am quite proud to reckon them among my friends."

"So am I," said Mr. Marjoram; and so the whole world at Ouzelmere knew the "inviolable secret," and thought it a great feather in Harry's cap that he should have gone away from the races so quietly to help the fatherless and motherless in their affliction.

"O Alice," said Florry, when she went to bed that night, "how unjust I have been to him, and how wicked to quarrel with him in the conservatory at home! Do you think he will ever come back to me?"

"Who can tell?" said Alice; "or, rather, why should he not come back? We have no proof that he has ever breathed a word of love to Edith Price."

"No proof except a woman's instinct. But of one thing I am really glad, that he is not in love with Lady Sweetapple."

Next day was the Cup-Day, and it quite kept up its character for dust and discomfort. The country generally finds the dust and the company the discomfort; for, if there be no room to move, and many thousand vehicles and human beings are all concentrated on Ascot Heath, how can any one be comfortable? But, of all the uncomfortable people present on that day, Amicia was the most. There she sat in the Charity box, staring into vacant space. She hated the races, and all that belonged to them, now that she knew too well that Harry Fortescue was wasting his time in town with Edith Price. When the interval of an hour allowed for luncheon after the New Stakes came, she was sulky and would not stir from the box. The Pennyroyals walked home to luncheon as usual, but Amicia would not go with them. "She was not at all hungry; she would sit there;" and there she would have sat till six or later and starved, had not that dear Lady Charity run over to Heath Lodge and brought her some sandwiches and a glass of sherry in a flask.

"Thank you so much," said Amicia, munching the food mechanically. "But, do you think Harry Fortescue will return to us to-day?"

"I am afraid not," said Lady Charity. "You know, he rather implied in his letter that he should not be able to return to the races at all."

"Rather implied!" said Amicia, with indignation; "why, he said outright that he would not come. It is all on account of that Edith Price; I am sure of it."

"We do not know that he has the least intention of marrying her," said Lady Charity. "Why vex yourself with idle fancies?"

They could not discuss this very interesting matter at greater length, for by this time the Pennyroyals had come back, and Edward with them.

[CONCLUSION NEXT NUMBER.]

LAKE ERIE IN SEPTEMBER.

Oh, gray and sullen sky! Oh, gray and sullen beaches!
Oh, gray and sullen billows, coming rolling, rolling in!
Oh, are ye not weary of chill September dreary,
With days so gray the earth knows not when its gray nights begin

All through the summer noons, all through the summer twilights,
Came the vessels, snowy-winged, gayly sailing, sailing, by;
Your waters then were dancing, your beaches gold were glancing,
While the south wind blew the sunbeams and moonbeams through the sky.

At times the east wind came, the east wind off the ocean,
And vessels from Ontario went sweeping, sweeping past—
From prairies blew the west wind, of all the winds the best wind,
And Huron's fleet went scudding down the lake upon its blast.

But now your winds are still, your sluggish waves are sullen,
The cheerless rain, nor fast nor slow, is dropping, dropping down;
The beach below is soggy, the air above is foggy,
And one dark ship, with ragged sail, is lying off the town.

Oh, gray and sullen sky! Oh, gray and sullen beaches!
Why lie ye here in lethargy, all glooming, glooming pale?
If not the summer's soft rest, then why not have the tempest?
If ye cannot have the zephyr, then why not have the gale?

And since the summer's gone, gray sky, to winter darken,
And shadow all these sullen waves to inky, inky black—
Let these dull forests bristle, as loud the fierce winds whistle,
And sweep that one dark ship, a wreck, adown the foaming track.

Wake up, wake up, O Lake! and lash your sluggish waters
In fury, till your whole expanse is raging, raging mad—
Well may it be wrong-doing if it but be strong-doing!
Give us one thing or the other; strong! whether good or bad.

For the very heart is sad with this monotone of Nature,
The very soul is palsied with this half-drawn, half-drawn breath,
A gray sky is most dreary, a gray life the most weary;
If all our sunny life is gone, then forth! to fight with Death.

CONSTANCE F. WOOLSON.

TABLE-TALK.

THE condition, aspirations, and employments of women, in relation both to politics and to business, are being as vigorously—perhaps more vigorously—discussed in England than in this country. In a modified form, woman suffrage has been recognized among our English cousins; for they may now vote for parish officials, who are political, and not, as their designation would imply, ecclesiastical officials; they have a voice, too, in the choice of the newly-constituted school-boards; and the question of their admission to the national universities, as regular undergraduates, is evidently only one of time. The English post-office authorities have taken a step which, indirectly at least, encourages what is broadly known in that country as the “woman’s movement,” by appointing forty young women to positions in the savings-bank office, which is attached to that department, and this is announced to be only introductory to similar appointments throughout all the branches of public service under the control of the postmaster-general. In this country women have, for some time, received positions as clerks in the Washington departments, and as postmistresses and post-office clerks; and, as they continue to enjoy the confidence of their superiors, it may be taken for granted that the experiment is a success. In both England and America there is certainly a large class of women who, while they must support themselves, are unfitted for the manual work and drudgery of factories and stores. Many of these become successful book-keepers, accountants, and copyists; but the fact still remains that these occupations satisfy but a very small portion of the demand for employment existing among intelligent, well-educated, but impecunious women. The positions for which such women are best fitted are, doubtless, those which bear the least heavily upon the physical powers; and this is the case with most government offices. In England, the action of the post-office chiefs is a novelty; and as such, has been bitterly denounced, especially by the male clerks, who are the most interested in the case; yet that their policy is well considered, is evident both from the success of the experiment here, and from the shabby-genteel misery which is but too common among the educated but unprovided women of England. Respectability is a terrible word, and frightens many a poor matron and spinster into a doom of life-long make-shifting and browsing on the confines of penury. The well-educated daughter of a country rector, who has died leaving “no assets,” shrinks from the career of a seamstress or a governess, nor can she think for a moment of the loom of a cotton-mill, or the counter of a London shop. What shall she do? Respectability says she must choose

some quiet and genteel employment. It may be said that she, who is virtually a beggar, has no business to heed the voice of this worldly tyrant; the more practical and prosaic post-office says that it will do its share to concede to the national prejudice, which, after all, is not without its good points, and will supply the needed grade of work, as far as its exigencies will allow. The woman question, or rather the position of women in the world, must be determined, as most questions are, by practical experiment; and it is well that the experiment should be fairly tried.

— The returning tide of the fashionable world cityward indicates the close of the social summer season, and the beginning of that interval of breathing and resting time which prepares the votaries of Mammon for their winter festivities. That such rest is needed, after what is nominally summer recreation, betrays how laborious, in the more fashionable resorts, that recreation is, and how exhausting an existence, divided into listless loafing and spasmodic excitement, is led “out of town.” The day’s routine at the large seaside or mountain hotels is one in which a great majority have to force themselves to consider themselves happy. To “the old campaigner,” who, as delineated by Thackeray, is reproduced quite as often at Saratoga, Niagara, and Newport, as at Scarborough, Brighton, and the German spas, the summer season is a continued period of anxiety, suspense, plotting, scheming, much mental worry, vanity, and vexation of spirit. She is ever on the watch for an “eligible match,” and leads her daughters as miserable an existence as that to which she has doomed herself. For the rest, the amusements at the great fashionable hotels are very limited after all, and soon pall upon the taste already jaded by city luxuries. The favorite rides and promenades are speedily exhausted; the springs soon become intolerable, even as trysting-places of flirtation; the voice of the “sad sea-waves” gets to be distressingly mournful and monotonous; people realize, after a little, that a mountain is only a mountain, and the changes of its hues pass in a very narrow range; croquet, billiards, boat-rides, mountain-excursions, languish before the season is half gone. A very large proportion of the children of fashion, having in one season experienced all the sensations offered by their favorite place of resort, eschew them on subsequent occasions, and lead a life of singular inanity, mainly within the limits of the hotels themselves. They breakfast late, and linger long over the perplexing variety of dishes set to tempt their languid appetites; they smoke, if men, promenading or lounging on the wide verandas, or loll and gossip, if women, in the too spacious parlors and bleakly high-studded corridors: dinner is the event of the day; supper is an oasis in the desert of indolence; some music, and much

flirtation, and perhaps a little lazy dancing, fill up the evening; and thus, to many, day after day drifts away, always leaving a sense of weariness and *ennui* behind. The landlords should offer prizes for the invention of a new amusement; their guests are starving for a sensation. Meanwhile, habits are formed, in many cases, in the dearth of any healthy and novel pastime, which are worse than mere indolence, though that is bad enough. It is said that at some of our fashionable resorts young women may be seen indulging in sherry-cobblers and cocktails at breakfast, champagne at dinner, and hock or claret at supper, and this regularly with the coming of each day’s meals. Idleness, it is alleged, begets a craving for this dangerous means of hilarity; fashion permits it; and foolish mammas and inconsiderate beaux encourage it. We hope these reports are exaggerated. Nothing of the kind has come under our own observation, which, to be sure, has not been very extended in this direction; and we are inclined to think that our informants have mistaken exceptional cases for general habits. If they have not, so much the worse for society, and so much harder will become the work of the “old campaigners.”

— We read in the English papers that a certain reverend gentleman has set himself to attack the modern practice of clergymen wearing the beard and mustache. His principal point against these hirsute appendages is, that, “while beard and mustache interfere with distinct utterance, impeding clear and effective speech, both together, or even one or the other separately obstructs the play and expression of the mouth, and thus hides and hinders the manifestation of feeling.” The position taken seems to us to be a false one. The gentleman will find it difficult to prove that the wearing of the beard affects the utterance or impedes the speech. On the contrary, we believe it to be demonstrable that the muscles of the throat are stronger where they are protected by their natural covering, and the bronchial organs are less liable to disease. If such be the fact, the voice, also, must necessarily be stronger, and more capable of the varied effects which, taken together, go to constitute successful oratory. As to whether the beard obstructs the play of the features or not, that is a mere matter of individual opinion. To us, it adds to, rather than detracts from, the expression of the mouth; but, even if it were otherwise, it would be of less consequence than the reverend gentleman ascribes to it. The mouth is by no means of the supreme importance he seems to imagine. Cicero was better advised when he declared that the eyes bear sovereign sway in oratory. It is a question, too, whether the loss of the grave and reverend appearance imparted by a full beard would be compensated by the more perfect exhibition of the muscles of the mouth, even if the latter were of the imputed conse-

quence. A worthy clergyman of Queen Elizabeth's time gave as a reason for wearing a very long beard—"that no act of his life might be unworthy of the gravity of his appearance." We commend this sentiment to the consideration of the author of the new crusade against man's natural ornament.

—We gave in our last number a translation of an article by Edmond About, on the meeting of the three emperors at Berlin last month, in which the Emperor William was pleasantly described as "a hypocritical and sanguinary old brigand," guilty of "treachery" and "crimes," and "capable of any thing," who had "extorted" from France five thousand millions of francs, half of Lorraine, and all of Alsace. About is himself a native of the ceded territory, and the article we have published is only one of many in which he has employed his powerful pen with the evident purpose of inflaming French feeling in the conquered provinces, as well as of stirring up the natural animosity of France itself against Germany. Not content, however, with assailing the German lion with paper pellets from a distance, he at last ventured personally into the lion's den, and entered Alsace with ostentatious announcement that he intended to see for himself how far the province had been Germanized. He made a sort of public progress, receiving popular demonstrations from those opposed to German authority, and addressing large though private meetings, in which he entreated the people to remain faithful to France and the French flag. Naturally enough, the German Government has ordered his arrest as a disturber of the peace, and at the moment of our writing the intrepid novelist is in durance vile, and is the subject of an energetic correspondence between the French and German authorities. He has succeeded in advertising himself largely, and that is probably just what he wanted to do.

—It may be interesting to many persons to know that, at a certain point, Ireland and Scotland approach within just about the same distance of each other as France and England. This passage has now been reopened, after being closed, so far as steam-communication was concerned, for eight years, and a fine Glasgow boat put upon the route, from Larne, in Ireland, to Stranraer, in Scotland. It is announced that, by this short sea-route, London will be brought within about sixteen and a half hours of Belfast, Birmingham about fifteen hours, Manchester or Liverpool about twelve hours, and Carlisle about seven and a half hours, and that this can be accomplished with what will be so highly prized by so many cross-Channel passengers—only two hours of a sea-passage, and forty minutes of loch-sailing. This may be interesting news to some of our tourists, who, having "done" Killarney, can see the Giant's Causeway, and thence pass almost direct to the Scotch lakes.

Correspondence.

[The venerable Elizabeth Peabody, whose life has been devoted to good works, and especially to education, has addressed to us the following letter on Kindergartens, on which subject she is an authority.—ED. JOURNAL.]

Kindergartens.

"To the Editor of Appleton's Journal.

"SIR: Since I believe that the principle of the activity on which children are led in the Kindergarten, as set forth by Froebel, is (to use the words of the first report of the Boston Kindergarten Association) 'nothing short of that which organizes the universe on the one side and the human understanding on the other,' you will permit me to say a word in reply to your little paragraph on the Kindergarten, in which you make mention of it 'as a shrewd compromise between play and study,' and of me as favoring a mode of education which does not involve 'lessons of self-denial and a habit of energetically buckling to serious work' as its necessary *maus*.

"The true Kindergarten, considered in its separation from the schools of instruction which follow it, takes children between the ages of three and seven only. Its object is entirely that of *preparation* of the child by adults for the duties of life, among which the acquisition of knowledge through object-teaching or the study of books is only one. The principle of the Kindergarten is *not* object-teaching, though, necessarily, some study of objects is involved in directing the playful activity of children in a general manner upon the lines of law, while they are learning to use their fingers and exercise their senses to see the differences and resemblances of the materials of their play, which is 'serious work' to them, and involves quite 'an energetic buckling' to whatever they take upon their hands to do.

"I see, by the advertisement of Miss Haines, that at last a model Kindergarten is to be established in New York. As yet, there has been but one model teacher in the country. The attempt which I made myself in 1860, to which you allude, was an ignorant, and therefore mischievous one, like a multitude of others on both sides of the Atlantic, that have really put back the great reform of Froebel. But I detected my error in the failure of the results promised by Froebel, and therefore went to Europe to learn the truth from those whom Froebel had personally instructed in his method. Since that time it has been my aim to establish the proper training for Kindergartners, as the only means of preventing 'the corruption of the best,' which 'is the worst.' To this end it has been a special object of mine to bring to this country the very lady whom Miss Haines has now engaged, as well as to sustain Mrs. and Miss Kriegs in Boston.

"But a speedy method of rectifying the current error which your paragraph expresses, and of appreciating that the object of the Kindergarten is to begin the education on the method of Nature, which, properly understood, is identical with suffering little children to go to Christ, and forbidding them not, would be to read the recent circular of information on Kindergartens, issued by the National Bureau of Education, and which will be sent free to any one who writes for it to General Eaton, the Commissioner of Education, at Washington.

"I will take this opportunity to state what is most desirable should be widely known—

that one of the most eminent of our educators, Mr. A. S. Kissel, of Des Moines, Iowa, who, like myself, has been studying the subject for twelve years at home, in books, and in Europe, has just founded a normal school for training Kindergartners in the art and science of Froebel, in connection with a model Kindergarten, under the direction of Miss Fritsche, whom he selected as the ablest person of many who became known to him in a recent tour of Europe, which he made for the purpose. It is so much cheaper to live at Des Moines than at the East, that this place presents great advantages to those who wish to study Kindergarten for professional purposes, especially to those at the West.

"Yours, respectfully,
"ELIZABETH PEABODY."

Dramatic.

THE Union-Square Theatre, last season given over to what is called variety business, has this year been freshly painted and decorated, and promoted to a more honorable place among our dramatic temples. It begins its new career by the production of a play, written by Sardou, the French dramatist, especially, so it is said, for Miss Agnes Ethel, and named, with little hint as to its character, simply "Agnes." Sardou is always effective in dramatic situations, and usually builds up his dramas on a good basis of story. "Agnes," in the latter particular, at least, resembles the dramatist's other productions. The story is of a husband desperately enamoured of a beautiful dancing-girl. He plunges into debt in order to bestow costly presents upon his innamorata, and this circumstance is the means whereby the wife discovers her husband's infidelity. She disguises herself as a dress-maker's attendant; finds occasion, in this disguise, to visit the dressing-room of the *dansette*, where, concealed behind a screen, she overhears her husband plan an elopement with the object of his infatuation. The wronged wife, who is passionately devoted to her scape-grace husband, is determined to rescue him. She endeavors to win back his errant affections by wiles and cajoleries, and, failing in these, she conceives the desperate plan of causing his arrest and confinement in an asylum as a lunatic. This extreme measure proves successful. The elopement is prevented, the man's illicit infatuation cools, and the wife is rewarded for her devotion by the restoration of her husband to her arms. Some of the situations in the drama are very good, but the story is not so well worked out as might be, and the *finale* is too sharply precipitated. Miss Ethel is good in the character of the wife, especially in the pathetic scenes, but she is not always fully up to the requirements of the situation. When, near the close, she learns that her husband has become insane in truth, she is especially effective. The other personations are mainly acceptable. A *griette* part is excellently played by Miss Laurens; and Mr. Mackaye, as the prefect of police, calls for special commendation.

The play is put on the stage with all the resources of the theatre for upholstery and gilt and satin furniture; and the ladies dress with the usual devotion to lace and silk exhibited by the heroines of the stage. We would advise the manager to have the text revised by some one competent to correct its numerous grammatical errors; we would suggest to Miss Mordant that her dress begins too far down; we would hint to Miss Ethel that a wife, visiting her husband in an insane asylum in such splendor of ap-

parcel, might be suspected to be more concerned about her toilet than in the welfare of her affections. The play, as a whole, is an effective one, and likely, we think, to be popular.

Literary Notes.

DR. BASTIAN'S "Beginnings of Life" is a contribution to the question of spontaneous generation likely to provoke as great a general discussion as Darwin's "Origin of Species." "When," says the *Pull Mall Gazette*, "Dr. Bastian about a year ago published a small treatise on the 'Modes of Origin of the Lowest Organisms,' it was our duty to warn the author of the enormous onus which lay upon him to prove his argument that the simple forms of life may arise *de novo* in certain fluids containing organic matter independently of previously-existing living things. The two present bulky volumes illustrate the amount of evidence which he has since that time brought to annihilate nearly all the popular and preconceived doctrines with regard to the origin of life. Before Wöhler announced to the scientific world that he had succeeded in building up an organic compound in his laboratory with the aid of mere chemical reagents, and before other chemists had corroborated his facts, Dr. Bastian well points out that there was more reason than at present for the belief that the forces in living things are altogether peculiar, because it appeared that certain compounds of carbon with other elements known as organic substances were capable of being produced only within these laboratories of Nature. The proof that inorganic matter, under certain conditions, may be converted into what has been termed organic, rests upon the accuracy and variety of the hundreds of experiments cited in Dr. Bastian's work. To annihilate the distinctions between what have been termed 'living' and 'not living' matter, and to reply to the careful and plausible arguments of Dr. Lionel Beale, was a task of sufficient difficulty, and one in which we cannot say that Dr. Bastian has acquitted himself unsuccessfully." This favorable opinion of Dr. Bastian's work is also shared by the other English publications. The *London Examiner* says: "One after another our ablest scientific workers are bringing the fruits of their labors and dedicating them, as it were, humbly to that profound philosophy of evolution of which Mr. Herbert Spencer may be said to be the prophet. In the work before us Dr. Bastian has attacked the enemies of evolution in what they have hitherto considered the very citadel of their strength. His chief point is that, out of dead matter, containing neither spore nor germ, nor any such thing, living organisms are evolved; and that, too, without the intervention of any mystic principle of life distinct from the ordinary forces of Nature. This opinion is opposed to such a mass of educated prejudice, to so many established theories, that Dr. Bastian has found it necessary to occupy a large portion of his work with preparing the minds of his readers to give him an impartial hearing. This he has done very thoroughly. The most striking and important facts, considerations, and opinions, favorable to his view, are set out in imposing array. And it is to be hoped that the pains he has taken in elaborating this necessary part of his work will be sufficient to secure for his own contribution to the settlement of the long-standing problem of the origin of life the unbiased consideration that his patient labors richly merit." The American edition of this work is published by D. Appleton & Co.

The veteran Whittier has appeared with a new poem which opens fresh scenes and characters, and will serve to immortalize a period in our history that poetry has hitherto scarcely touched. The title of the poem is "The Pennsylvania Pilgrim;" the scene is on the banks of the Schuylkill; the time is two hundred years ago; and the hero of the verse is Francis Daniel Pastorius, a learned quaker of German birth, a hero of that early period who first raised his voice against the sin of slavery, who made the Indian his friend, who guided the councils of his people in the ways of wisdom, and who

"... set his hand to every work—
Farmer and teacher, court and meeting clerk;"

who, although fond of learning—

"Whatever legal maze he wandered through,
He kept the sermon on the mount in view,
And justice always into mercy grew.

"No whipping-post he needed, stocks, nor jail,
Nor ducking-stool; the orchard-thief grew pale
At his rebuke, the vixen ceased to rail,

"The usurer's grasp released the forfeit land;
The slanderer flattered at the witness-stand,
And all men took his counsel for command.

"... greeting all with quiet smile and word,
Pastorius went his way. The uncared bird
Sang at his side; scarcely the squirrel stirred

"At his hushed footstep on the mossy sod;
And, whoso'er the good man looked or trod,
He felt the peace of Nature and of God.

"His social life wore no ascetic form,
He loved all beauty without fear of harm,
And in his veins his Teuton blood ran warm."

This noble portrait will take a foremost place among the creations of art. The poem illustrates a period hitherto half hid in the mist of the past, and delineates scenes that have a rare pastoral beauty, while the verse exhibits in every line the rich qualities of the poet's genius.

"Ebb-Tide" is a new novel, by Christian Reid, author of "Valerie Aymer," "Morton House," etc. Christian Reid, it is now generally understood, is the *nom de plume* of a young lady of North Carolina, who would do well to drop the fictitious signature, and appear before the public in her own name, on which her talents and her character are certain to confer high and lasting distinction. Her novels already published have won much favor from the public, and her reputation is already such that a new work from her pen commands a large sale as a matter of course. Her style is good and always interesting, and the tone of her books, while free from cant, is that of a well-bred, pure-minded woman, who has no sympathy with the new-fangled notions about morals and manners which prevail among some of the novelists of her own sex. "Ebb-Tide," though not her best work, is a good specimen of her style. The scene opens in Charleston, South Carolina, and in the course of the story is transferred to the West Indies and to Europe. The plot is interesting, and abounds in picturesque situations. The volume contains three good, short stories by the same author.

Mr. Brassey's "Work and Wages" is a valuable contribution to a subject which now transcends in importance almost any other relating to our social well-being. Mr. Arthur Helps has written a preface to the volume, in which we are assured that "such a body of evidence, so comprehensive and so various, bearing upon the whole subject of labor generally, and not

even favoring any particular section of it, has never, I think, been brought together in the comparatively small compass of a single volume." The conclusions arrived at by Mr. Brassey—who, the son of an extensive operator, has possessed unusually favorable opportunities for studying the whole question of labor and wages—are not generally new to political economists; but the aspects of those conclusions, and the practical effect which should be given to them, vary much according to the circumstances of the times, a fact which the author has not lost sight of. It is very satisfactory to find that the most recent facts are entirely in accord with some of the chief principles laid down by Adam Smith.

One of the best novels we have of colonial life is Mr. Esten Cooke's "Virginia Comedians," published nearly twenty years ago; and we now have the same author in another portrait of Old Virginia manners. "Doctor Vandyke," however, is scarcely the equal of the earlier novel as a picture of life and manners; it is more strictly a romantic and picturesque narrative, the main incidents of which, although conceivable perhaps as occurring in colonial Virginia, are scarcely probable in any country or at any period. Nevertheless, those who like a compact, well-constructed story, in which mysterious situations, stirring narrative, and a startling climax form the elements of interest, will find "Doctor Vandyke" greatly to their liking. Mr. Cooke's style is essentially dramatic; his story advances swiftly and without digression, and at times he carries his reader breathless over pages crowded with adventure.

Mr. Whyte Melville's industry is marvelous, and his range of subjects for his novels almost unlimited. Only recently he gave us a graphic and stirring picture of ancient Assyrian life in "Sardanapalus," and of Roman life in "The Gladiators," and now we have three new novels from his pen, illustrating widely different phases of life and character. "Corise" is a romance of the court of Versailles during the last century; "White Rose" is a society novel of modern English life; and "The Brookes of Bridlemere" is also an English novel, but essentially different in many of its characteristics from its companion. Mr. Whyte Melville is always vivid and picturesque. Whether portraying pictures of Babylonian luxury, Roman contests, French intrigues, or English every-day life, he works out effective plots, is frequently happy in his characterizations, and has a good, perspicuous style.

Among new novels of interest, special mention may be made of George Macdonald's "Vicar's Daughter," which exhibits all the qualities of description, character-drawing, and the power to enlist the interest of his readers in the persons and incidents of his story, which have so marked the books of this now highly-popular author. "The Vicar's Daughter" is a domestic narrative; it is related by the heroine in her own person, and it is made up largely of the joys, vicissitudes, hopes, and experiences of home, told simply but also effectively, and marked throughout with high religious feeling. Roberts Brothers, publishers.

The world of novel-readers will, in honor of Mr. Edmund Yates's visit to this country, make haste to peruse his last novel, just issued from the press of D. Appleton & Co., and entitled "A Waiting Race." This story is a photograph of modern life, far from flattering in some of its details, and marked by a truth-

ful but unsparring picture of many of the vices and some of the crimes of society. The story is abundantly interesting, but one could wish for more hopeful and pleasing portraits of human character.

Miscellany.

American Habits.

DR. E. M. MOORE, of Rochester, N. Y., an eminent physician, recently sketched in a public address the dietetic habits of our people in the following manner: "As the merchant represents the wealthier and more luxurious class, let us follow him and his household through the day. He rises from his bed at reasonable hours, not pressed by the urgency of his business, and his breakfast at seven, or even later, makes a good preparation for the day. The day's work is begun. By ten the flow of trade is well set in, acquiring its height during the middle of the day. Then the dinner-hour has arrived. The work has not diminished, and master and man must put forth extraordinary exertions in order that each may steal away for this event, which should be the important one of the day—the special foundation of life, as well as the grand reunion of the household. But, like John Gilpin on his wedding-day—

'The loss of time, although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew, would trouble him much more.'

"A run home for the noon meal, composed of the substantial of life, an immediate consumption of these hearty aliments in the most rapid manner that teeth and fluids can accomplish the feat, and, without one moment's rest for the function of digestion, another run brings him back to the place of business, where details which have accumulated during the minutes given to the meal he calls dinner, necessitate extra mental exertion at the very supreme moments that the nerve-forces controlling digestion are trying to borrow from every centre the means of executing their functions. By four o'clock the activity declines; at six he goes to a meal of a light character, but with a stomach wearied with the effort at digesting the dinner, and which it has imperfectly performed. Is it surprising that the American merchant is a dyspeptic? But the day is not quite over. The evening, we may admit, is well spent—social intercourse, the concert or other gathering, if it were not for the badly-ventilated rooms, which are the places of such meetings, are reasonable and proper pendants of his toil. His house is built of good materials, the ceilings are high, the plate-glass windows are elegant, and the carpets smother his foot-fall. But the refinements of heating have entirely ignored the laws of ventilation. The furnace has destroyed not only the poetry, but the reality of the fireside.

"With the tight-fitting windows and doors ventilation is feeble, for the register admits but little air where no provision has been made for its exit. Headaches and general *malaise* are the result. Indeed, the attempts at refinement without knowledge, as far as the health is concerned, have remanded him to the condition of the cave-man. He retires to rest. The air of the house heated at the demands of luxury, does not usually give place to the cold but healthy atmosphere outside.

"But let us look at the state of things where there is not so much wealth. The mechanic leaves his home, and usually spends his noon at his place of employment from neces-

sity. Here the cold meal, if well cooked, affords the means of health, and, under the circumstances of the case, is perhaps as well as can be obtained, where his cook, who is also usually his wife, has the skill necessary to provide for the exigency. But at this point I think the advent of civilization is small. His house has the warmth of the single stove, the cook-stove, of which I have something to say. The heat is not ordinarily maintained at night, and a less luxurious house is found to procure ventilation as an accident of its imperfections, but not of its intentional construction.

"But what of the agricultural population? the most prosperous and abundantly (I wish I might say) well fed of its class in the world. The farmer rises early to and retires late from his labor. He spends too much time in toil; it is excessive. But, on the score of health, this cannot be said to often do harm. The out-door life should make him a giant and a Methuselah, if the surroundings and management were commensurate with his possibilities. But every physician knows that even here the most common disease for which he prescribes is dyspepsia—a disease that should be rare. What cause, then, so ever present, that this hateful torment of life should be so common? I find it in the want of scientific knowledge, in the preparation of food. Now, I do not expect or desire that every cook should be a chemist, other than a practical one, carrying out the plans that others have developed. The land overflows with plenty. Now, I venture the assertion that, more than half the time, the breakfast of the farmer is composed of materials saturated with grease. If a beefsteak is procured, it is fried in grease, every fibre, on the principle of capillary attraction, is coated over with a layer of fat, which the gastric juice does not dissolve, a most ingenious contrivance to prevent solution of the albuminoid substances. If a good piece of pork is used when it is all fat (and to which I raise no objection if properly prepared), he finds the accompanying vegetables, especially that physical basis of life, the potato, completely saturated with grease. Now, if the pancreas could pour its fluid on these materials first, the plan might be good, but no contrivance for interfering with proper digestion could be more perfect. Hard toil, immediately after food, will also interfere with the process. Similar food for dinner, and kept hot to meet the irregularities of serving, are the hard conditions presented to the stomach."

A Jewish Library.

The congregation of the Hebrew Temple Emanu-El, situated at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Fifty-third Street in this city, have collected, in their magnificent edifice, one of the rarest and most valuable libraries in this country. It comprises several thousand volumes, and was collected by an Amsterdam bookseller, who made it the work of his life. On his death, the congregation purchased it, and have put it in charge of M. Heilprin, one of the most learned men in the country, under whose care it is open to the public on Sunday and Thursday, from 2 to 5 P. M.

It is not too much to say that no such collection existed heretofore in this city or this country. The Jews, it must be remembered, have become cosmopolitan in both time and space. It requires all the languages of civilized peoples, ancient and modern, to represent their literary activity. And here we have Latin jostling Hebrew, Greek touching German; Italian, Dutch, Spanish, and English, in proximity, and all having a unity of purpose—the glory of Israel and Israel's God. Looking

through this library, one is astonished at the preservation of the inks and paper of the fifteenth century, the typography of works printed before the year 1800 being as clear and as easily read as the latest book in the collection. Indeed, these early specimens of printing will not suffer by comparison with any thing that has since been done. The number of Jewish works printed during the first half-century after Guttenberg's invention is surprising, and is indicative of the intense activity of the Hebrew mind when it was but just struggling through the shackles under which it had pined during the mediæval times. One of the most stupendous of the undertakings of which record is contained in the present collection is the translation of Avicenna's medical works from Arabic into Hebrew, and its printing at Naples in 1491. This work is as large as a good-sized dictionary, and makes as good a typographical appearance as could be desired. The number of Bibles is large, as also that of Talmuds, works on grammar, belles-lettres, philosophy, casuistry, criticism; and anti-Jewish writings—for one of the speakers of the evening boasted that the Jews are not afraid of them—are numerous.

The editions most frequently met with in this, as in almost every other Hebrew library, are those of Venice and Amsterdam, besides which Italy is conspicuous through the publications of Mantua, Soncino, Ferrara, Naples, Parma, Rome, Sabionetta, Bologna, Pesaro, Fano, and Leghorn; and the Netherlands through Utrecht, Leyden, the Hague, Groningen, Franeker, Dort, and Rotterdam. Next come the German publications of Fürth, Augsburg, Frankfurt-on-the-Main, Leipzig, Berlin, Göttingen, Dyhernfurth, Rödellheim, Frankfurt-on-the-Oder, Vienna, Prague, Altdorf, Cologne, etc. Warsaw, Wilna, Lemberg, and the other Polish towns, are less fully represented. Presburg appears more frequently than either Pesth or Buda. The Hebrew issues of Basle vie in number and value with those of Paris, London, and Oxford. Portugal is better represented than Spain. The prints of Constantinople and Salonica are very old, but poor. Smyrna and Jerusalem are the only representatives of Asia. Among the oldest prints of the library, some of which are quite remarkable productions of the first half-century after the invention of the printing art, we find those of Pieve di Sacco (1475); Mantua (1480, 1484, etc.); Soncino (1484, 1485, 1488, 1490, etc.); Ijar, in Spain (1485); Casal Maggiore (1486); Naples (1488, 1489, 1490, 1491, etc.); Brescia (1491); Constantinople (1505, 1506, etc.); Fano (1506); Pesaro (1508); and of some unknown Italian presses. The manuscripts of the library are chiefly remarkable as curious specimens of mediæval and modern Hebrew writing.

The Orleans Family.

A correspondent, writing from Versailles, July 25th, says: "The Duke d'Angoulême has just been cruelly tried, by the death of his only son, the Duke de Guise, and this event may exert a great influence on the political life of the Orleans princes.

"The duke is reported to have said, 'this morning, to one of his many friends who made him visits of condolence: 'I have nothing now to live for.'

"The best-informed of the Orleans party seem to think it probable that the duke will retire to private life, which would be a step that would materially lessen their influence. He is the acknowledged head of the Orleanists, who would consent to support the republic if they were confident that he would be elevated to the presidency. The Count de Paris, on

the contrary, together with a handful of the faithful, thinks that he cannot accept the position of head of the government unless it be accompanied by the sceptre of Louis Philippe.

"If the Duke d'Aumale retires from public life, the Prince de Joinville will follow his example; and the Orleans party, no longer having its natural leaders in the Assembly, will have but one course to pursue—that of uniting with the conservatives of the Left Centre in support of the policy of the present government.

"There is a report in circulation that, before the Assembly adjourns, the Right and Left Centre will publish a manifesto which will be a formal adhesion to the government of M. Thiers.

"Some of the members of the Right still indulge in the illusion that the Count de Paris, freed from his engagements with his uncles, who retire from political life, will come to an understanding with the Count de Chambord; but the most zealous monarchists themselves hope for little from the activity and energy of the grandson of Louis Philippe.

"The death of the Duke de Guise may, therefore, be followed by great changes in the political programme of the partisans of the Orleans family."

Hydrophobia.

Whatever charlatans may say, there is no known remedy for canine madness. When bitten, the surest means to escape infection is the application of red-hot iron with a firm hand, and as soon as possible. A curtain-rod, a small poker, a bit of stout wire, a knife, any iron nearest to hand, heated to a bright red, will suffice. With this the wound must be sounded and burned. It is good to put the iron again into the fire, and repeat the operation effectually. The pain is quite supportable. M. Leblanc, senior, says that the cauterization gives the person bitten, not exactly pleasure, but decided satisfaction, because the sense of preservation and safety completely overpowers the pain inflicted. In Hayti, where canine madness is common, they apply gunpowder to the wounded parts, and then set fire to it. After this a blister, and mercurial treatment carried to salivation, complete the cure, or rather prevent the disease. Of course, after these necessary precautions, any known nostrum may be employed. Old women's precepts and popular prescriptions can do no harm, and may do good by keeping up the patient's spirits, and inspiring him with hopes of a favorable result.

It is a great consolation to know that a person may be bitten by a really mad dog without contracting the disease. A bite through clothing has rarely serious consequences; the saliva—the only vehicle of infection—being thus wiped from the animal's teeth. Out of twenty individuals bitten, it is uncertain how many will go mad; perhaps none. But it is quite certain that they will not all go mad. The cause of their escape is unknown; but such escapes make the fortune of charlatans, cunning men, and practisers of superstitions. Bitten persons, who have taken such and such drugs, or have gone through such and such devotional forms, and remain unharmed, never fail, they and theirs, to attribute the result to the means employed. But it is a reassuring thought, likely to have a favorable influence, without hindering the employment of rational precautions, to know that, although bitten, it is quite possible not to be touched by the poison. Infinitely better it is to persuade the patient of this than to hazard remedies which will make as many

victims as there are persons foolish enough to try them.

The Sea-swallow and the Fishermen.

An interesting association exists between the sea-swallows and the fishermen of Lake Pallageri, in Lapland. In the centre of this lake is an island, on which the fishermen build their huts in summer. At early dawn, the sea-swallows gather round these huts, and their cries admonish the occupants that it is time to begin the day's work. The boats are hardly loosened from their moorings when the birds start out to find a spot where the fish are abundant. The boatmen are governed entirely by the movements of the swallows. When the birds stop and redouble their cries, the fishermen know they have found a spot where they will be repaid for their labor. They hasten forward, cast their nets, and soon have the satisfaction of finding them well filled. In accordance with the old maxim that the laborer is worthy of his hire, the swallows receive their share of the booty. Every fish that the fishermen throw up in the air is gracefully caught by the birds; and, indeed, they are so tame that they sometimes come into the boats and help themselves out of the nets. If one spot becomes non-productive, the birds lead the way to another. Toward evening, men and birds return to the island, and the birds hasten to clear the boats of the share left behind for them by the fishermen.

A Good Settlement of a Lawsuit.

If the Irish law-courts are occasionally the scene of very ugly contention, it must, at the same time, be admitted that causes, especially those which admit of any display of gallantry, are sometimes arranged in them in the most charmingly easy way. For instance, we read that, at the Tipperary assizes, Mr. Clark, Q. C., in the Record Court, tried an action in which Mr. Anglim was the plaintiff and Miss O'Brien the defendant, to recover a portion of the lands of Rosegreen. While the defendant, a good-looking young woman, was under cross-examination, the plaintiff was ordered up to confront her with reference to a portion of her testimony. Mr. Clarke: "It just strikes me that there is a pleasant and easy way to terminate this lawsuit. The plaintiff appears to be a respectable young man, and this is a very nice young woman." (Laughter.) "They can both get married and live happily on this farm. If they go on with the proceedings it will all be frittered away between the lawyers, who, I am sure, are not ungallant enough to wish the marriage may not come off." The young lady, on being interrogated, blushed, and stated she was quite willing to marry the plaintiff. Mr. Clarke (to the latter): "Will you marry this young woman?" Plaintiff: "Most undoubtedly." (Great laughter.) Mr. Clarke: "It is odd that this course was not before adopted. The suggestion came to me by instinct on seeing the young couple." (Laughter.) A verdict was subsequently entered for plaintiff on condition of his promising to marry defendant within two months, a stay of execution being put on the verdict till the marriage ceremony is completed.

The Advance of Woman.

A circumstance which should be gratifying to the Sorosis, is the recent appointment of a widow lady as surveyor of roads in a parish in Westmoreland, England. The lady had complained to the surveyor of the state of the roads, and at the next election he prevailed on the rate-payers to elect the widow herself.

She accepted the office; and, as she keeps a clerk, and has ample means, she has no difficulty in obtaining a thorough supervision. It is said she has made some awkward discoveries as to the state of the accounts. The refusal to undertake the duty of a surveyor of roads may entail a maximum penalty of twenty pounds. The word used in the clause relating to the appointment of a surveyor is "person;" therefore, women rate-payers are liable to be elected, and may be fined if they refuse to serve.

The German Losses.

The official statement of the losses sustained by the army of North Germany alone, during the late war, has recently been published. The number of dead amounted to 40,881; of missing, 4,009, the greater part of whom are supposed to be dead; 17,527 were killed on the field of battle; 10,710 died eventually of their wounds; 816 were accidentally killed; and 30 committed suicide. Of dysentery there died 2,000; of typhus, 6,595; of bronchitis, 500; of other acute diseases, 521; of small-pox, 261; of gastric fever, 159; of various chronic diseases, 240; of apoplexy and heart-disease, 94. The entire loss of the German armies, north and south, amounted to about 53,000.

We call the attention of those of our readers, who have funds for investment, to the advertisement of Messrs. Winslow, Lanier & Co., of the bonds of the Chicago and Canada Southern Railroad Company. Of the needs that this road meets, of its probable success, of the advantages it will confer, the reader is as good a judge as we are; it is simply within our power to bear testimony to the uprightness of the banking-house who are placing the bonds of the road, and to assure those of our readers who may be inclined to invest in these securities, that the reputation of Messrs. Winslow, Lanier & Co. makes it certain their representations are made in good faith.

Foreign Items.

IT seems strange that so many Europeans allow themselves to be duped so frequently by American adventurers, who represent themselves as near relatives of distinguished citizens of the United States. The most recent of these cases is that of Henry Schweppe, formerly a journeyman barber, of St. Louis, who has swindled several banks in Milan, by presenting forged letters of credit, in which he is described as a brother-in-law of Vice-President Colfax. He was treated with the utmost respect, and even dined with General Troverza, the military governor of the city. His true character was not discovered until, after his flight from Milan, his trunks were opened at the hotel. They contained only worthless papers and letters addressed to him by several American accomplices.

Laboulaye intends to offer, at the impending session of the French National Assembly, a motion recognizing the republic as the definitive form of government for France, and that all members of the Assembly shall take an oath pledging themselves not to do any thing for the restoration of the monarchy. It is believed that the motion will prevail, and that the Legitimists, rather than take the oath, will withdraw en masse from the Assembly.

Lord Bulwer left a clause in his will to the effect that all his papers, documents, and manuscripts, should be sealed up and delivered to his

two brothers (Lord Lytton and Mr. Bulwer), who will decide what is to be kept. Probably his long and important diplomatic career led to the accumulation of very interesting papers.

Japan has now a regular ambassador at the court of St. James, as will be seen from the following notice in the *London Gazette* of Friday, August 16:

BORNE, August 12, 1872.

"This day had audience of her majesty, Terashima Munenori, envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary from his imperial majesty the Tenno (Mikado) of Japan, to deliver his credentials," etc.

According to the Munich gossips, the King of Bavaria refuses to marry any of the numerous princesses whose hands have been offered to him, for the simple reason that he is already married. His morganatic wife is said to be an actress, considerably older than he.

King Amadeus of Spain has his father's predilection for botanical and entomological studies. He can be frequently seen hunting for beetles in the gardens of the royal palace in Madrid, and no present is more welcome to him than a rare insect.

Further disclosures have been made in regard to the crimes of Rev. Olaf Olafsen, who was recently executed at Tromsø, in Norway. He committed murder in order to gratify his penchant for expensive manuscripts and rare books.

A new eminent chess-player, hailing from Roumania, has astonished the lovers of the noble game in Berlin by his wonderful skill. His name is Arthur Raeder, and he is only twenty-three years old.

The geographers of Germany are greatly divided as to the genuineness of Dr. Livingstone's letters brought from Africa by Henry Stanley; but Dr. Petermann sustains the latter.

The Academy of Belles-Lettres, at Antwerp, offers a prize of one thousand francs for the best brief tale on the adventures of Belgian emigrants to the United States.

The "Watch on the Rhine," the German national hymn, has thus far reached the extraordinary sale of eight hundred thousand copies.

Henry Boernstein, formerly proprietor of the St. Louis *Anseiger des Westens*, is about to become managing editor of the Vienna *Neue Preis Presse*.

The younger Alexandre Dumas is so rich now that he owns a large interest in the Banque des Marchands de Paris.

The Queen of Sweden is writing novels for the Stockholm press under the *nom de plume* of Annie Arden.

The Sultan of Turkey is very fond of light French literature, and he is as familiar with it as most educated Frenchmen.

Prince Richard de Metternich has recently added largely to his vast fortune by speculations in real estate at Nice.

Victor Hugo has been advised to pass several months in Madeira, for the benefit of his shattered health.

Lord Henry Loftus has written a book on love and marriage in Germany.

In the canton of Uri, in Switzerland, flogging is the penalty inflicted upon indiscreet journalists.

The most trusted functionaries of Prince Bismarck have formerly all been radical democrats.

President Thiers has consented to have his statue, in bronze, erected at his native place in Aix.

The Paris *Moniteur* prints at present only five hundred copies daily.

Twenty-nine of the present cabinet ministers in Europe are freemasons.

Varieties.

A CASE of some interest was lately decided in a London police-court. A gentleman had entered a restaurant with two other gentlemen and two ladies. The accused called for two cutlets as a part of his order for dinner, but when he asked for the bill three cutlets were charged upon it, because three had partaken of the dish. The gentleman refused to pay for the third portion, whereupon he was violently assaulted by the waiters of the establishment, by direction of the proprietor, his hat taken away, himself ejected from the restaurant and given into custody. The magistrate declared that the charge for the third cutlet was wholly indefensible, although the bill-of-fare gave notice of the custom; and he fined the assailant heavily for the assault, at the same time dismissing a counter-summons against the plaintiff for an assault on the waiter. It is good law in this country also, that a person may give a part of the dinner for which he pays to any person dining with him, and the custom of charging double is an imposition to be resisted always.

As a flock of between thirty and forty sheep were being driven through a street in St. Louis recently, their leader, a sagacious-looking ram, saw his reflection in one of the large plate-glass windows. Lowering his head, he charged straight for his supposed rival, smashing the window and going clear through into the store, followed by the rest of the flock. The proprietor and the employés, amazed at the sudden and startling attack, fled from the store, leaving the drove in full possession. Several of the sheep were badly cut by broken glass; and the blood, the broken glass from the window, and an overturned and broken show-case, gave the place the appearance of being a total wreck. It was nearly an hour before the sheep could be driven out and order restored.

A hypochondriac editor of a London paper has just made the melancholy discovery that croquet is a most dangerous and unhealthy game. He states that it gives to the unfortunate croquet-player a curved spine, a disproportionately large right arm, and an equally ill-arranged left leg, with painful bunions and permanent lameness, and he finally perishes miserably from consumption, induced by the unnatural constraint to which the chest is subjected when stooping over the ball.

The *Pittsburg Commercial* says the recently-published "Life of Abraham Lincoln" was not written by Ward H. Lamon, whose name appears as the author, but by Chauncey Black, son of Jeremiah Black, Mr. Buchanan's attorney-general. Lamon gathered much of the material, and, as a close friend of Mr. Lincoln, permitted his name to be used by Black as the author. The two have had a falling out, Lamon being of the opinion that some things in the book should have been omitted.

The finest specimen of Brussels lace is so complicated as to require the labor of seven persons on one piece, and each operative is employed at distinct features of the work. The thread used is of exquisite fineness, which is spun in dark, underground rooms, where it is sufficiently moist to prevent the thread from separating. It is so delicate as scarcely to be seen, and the room is so arranged that all the light admitted shall fall upon the work. It is

such material that renders the genuine Brussels ground so costly. On a piece of Valenciennes not two inches wide, from two to three hundred bobbins are sometimes used; and for a larger width as many as eight hundred on the same pillow.

Michigan has a law making it a misdemeanor, punishable by fine and imprisonment, to aim a fire-arm at any person, whether it be loaded or not; and if harm come of such an act, the perpetrator is responsible criminally and pecuniarily. This is a salutary statute, and should be adopted in every State. Then there would be fewer fatal accidents, with "nobody to blame."

A clergyman, meeting Barnum, the showman, the other day, after inquiring for his health, physical and spiritual, said:

"Barnum, I always liked you. You are a good fellow, and I trust we shall meet in heaven."

"Oh," said the imperturbable showman, with a twinkle of his eye, "I have no doubt we shall—if you are there!"

A bridal couple, visiting some mountain wonders in West Virginia recently, approached too near the edge of a cliff, and were precipitated over it, both being instantly killed.

An improvement on the Cardiff Giant has been invented in Iowa in the shape of a petrified buffalo, found "standing and in the act of eating."

The Omaha *Bee* doesn't mean any thing personal, but opines that if the Omaha postmaster would resign, "many persons would feel less anxious about their money-letters."

It's of no use any longer for ladies to wear expensive jewelry; the imitation cannot be told from the real article.

The old-fashioned high Spanish comb is about to resume its place in my lady's hair—or at least in the hair she wears.

A Georgia editor refuses to support Greeley, on the ground that it is as much as he can do to support himself.

A wild girl is the sensation in Nevada. Wild girls have ceased to be a sensation in the Atlantic States.

In Arizona there are "many men of many mines."

Contemporary Portraits.

The President of the Mexican Republic.

SEBASTIAN LERDO DE TEJADA was born at Jalapa, in the State of Vera Cruz, April 25, 1825. His early education prepared him for entering the Church, but, having taken a dislike to the ecclesiastical profession, he went to the city of Mexico, and studied jurisprudence. Before many years he held a high position as advocate, and between the years 1855 and 1857 he held the position of magistrate of the Supreme Court of Justice. Comonfort was then president of the republic, and Señor Lerdo entered on his political life by taking office under him. The Robles pronunciamento occurred in 1859, and during the three following years Miramon and the church party ruled the republic. Lerdo withdrew from politics, and gave his attention entirely to his profession, which brought him both fame and a handsome income. In 1861 he was offered a seat in the cabinet under Juárez; this he refused, but, on taking his place in Congress in the same year, he gave his powerful support to the liberal party, and the most important event of the session was his energetic and successful opposition to the Wyke treaty, which was an arrangement for the payment of dividends on the English debt out of the customs' revenues. When the French invaded Mexico, he threw up his profession,

and followed the fortunes of Juarez. On the northern frontier he did every thing to keep alive the spirit of republicanism, and, on the withdrawal of the French army of occupation, an army was speedily organized, well drilled, and equipped, which hemmed in Maximilian at Queretaro. When the United States minister petitioned on behalf of the fallen emperor, Señor Lerdo, as Minister of Foreign Affairs, stated his belief that the death of Maximilian was necessary to the future welfare of the country, inasmuch as it would prevent any further insurrection in his name. On the government entering on its duties in the capital, Señor Lerdo was appointed president of the Supreme Court of Justice, and vice-president of the republic. The sudden death of Juarez has elevated him to the highest position he can attain in his coun-



SEBASTIAN LERDO DE TEJADA.

try. Let us hope that he will exercise his talents and patriotism in the endeavor to restore order among the discontented factions which perplex and harass the industrious portion of the community. *Pronunciamentos* and brigandage should be put down with a strong hand, life and property made secure, railways and roads constructed. It seems ridiculous that the only road worth the name should have been made by the English Mining Company, at Real del Monte. These are the first steps toward developing the vast mineral, agricultural, and commercial resources of Mexico, and, while these are being accomplished, Mexicans will see the necessity of attending to the question of their foreign engagements, and of meeting them in such a spirit as will remove the character of bad faith in their dealings, which has made their country a by-word among nations.

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